

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 934.—26 April, 1862.

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## NEW BOOKS.

THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues. [This book, so important to students, has already reached a third edition.]

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## RENEWAL OF SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

—, TENNESSEE, March 29, '62.

MESSRS. E. LITTELL, SON &amp; Co.,

Gentlemen,—Last year about the time that "Father Abraham" stopped our mails, I wrote to you begging you to mail me no further copies of the *Age* until such time as I should be able to receive them safely. That time has now arrived, and as I had still nearly or almost a year's subscription due me, I would be glad if you would mail me the remainder, from the time of the stoppage. The last No. I received was 881. I forget exactly when my subscription expires, but it is at the close of the vol., consequently I think about the 1st of April of this current year. I have been a reader of the *Age* for twenty-five years, and expect to subscribe for it till I die, and I would renew my subscription for the next two years *now*, if I saw a reasonable prospect of communication remaining open,—but, if I can discern the signs of the times, the days of Federal domination in Tennessee are to be short. They are learning to their cost and *surprise*, that overrunning a country and subduing it are two things, as I could easily prove you by narrating things that daily pass before our eyes, which you will never read in your veracious newspapers.

Buell and his Dutch are either fools or very brave men, for venturing thus far into an enemy's country. We have not toiled them quite far enough yet, but they take to the trap kindly, and when we get them where we want them, we will show them the difference between venturing *into* a lion's den, and getting *safe out*. The unsettled state of the times alone makes me delay my subscription, also ordering the back numbers from the beginning, which I covet intensely. So soon as "the rebellion is put down" (???) or order restored, I shall order the whole set. The presence of Buell and his Hessians, and of our beloved, venerated and respected Gov.-Gen. Andy, has effectually quenched the few sparks of Union feeling that might still have existed in any minds. We no longer write ourselves Secessionists,—it is too mild a term,—we glory in calling ourselves the *most rebellious* rebels that ever rebelled against tyranny since the world was made. We are a united people now, if never before.

Please send the numbers requested to my address as soon as possible, and oblige

Your faithful reader and

Rebel friend,

To Mrs. —, of —, Tennessee.

*Living Age Office, Boston, 4 April, 1862.*

DEAR MADAM,—Your letter of 29 March, is received. How pleasant it is to be able to communicate with you again, so promptly and safely! Don't you see that the tyranny of Father Abraham is exemplified in this instance? He restores to you the use of his mails, at his own cost. Never, even in your prosperous times, did you give enough to pay his expenses on your own behalf. As soon as possible he puts you on the same footing with his obedient children: carrying your letters and papers for you, without caring how much he loses by doing so; or thinking how little grateful you are for his benefits. In the same easy manner you are restored to all the other privileges of trade. Coffee and salt, and whatever else may have grown scarce with you, may now be had as freely by you as by us. Your destruction of railroads, and your blocking up the Mississippi, may for a while increase the freight; but no impediment comes from the government.

Is it not better to live in peace and plenty under the protection of such a government, than to ruin yourselves by endeavoring to destroy it? You know what change the past year brought you. Jeff. Davis says the war has only cost you one hundred and seventy million of dollars. Was he worth it? *Only one hundred and seventy millions!* He trusts to your passion to blind your reason, or he would see that the confession of this tremendous ruin of your property would rouse your just wrath to his destruction.

The whole object of the army which you have forced Father Abraham to set on foot, is to restore you to the blessings of a government which your fathers founded and fought for; and to free you from the *real* tyranny which has wasted your property and shed your blood.

Pardon us, madam, if we point out how this rebellion,—this gigantic wickedness,—stifles the better feelings of your own heart. Father Abraham's army comes, in the power of Law and Order, to restore peace and prosperity. And yet a *gentle woman* exults in the *hope* that our children who are serving in it may be destroyed on your soil!

We send by this mail the numbers to — which were retained by your order "till you could receive them safely."

Hoping that you may soon come to a better mind, and learn to hate us as little as we hate you, we remain

Your *Loyal* friends and fellow-countrymen.

# THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."

## CHAPTER I. THE WOMAN I LOVED— MARIAN.

My mother was very anxious that I should marry. This was not an extraordinary wish,—I was an only son. With me, if I died unmarried, would perish the ancient line of the Spencers of Speynings. Speynings itself would pass to another branch of the family who bore another name. There would be no more Spencers of Speynings, but Hursts of Speynings. The alliteration would be destroyed, and the charm broken. From the time I was at college the necessity which imposed marriage on me had been dinned into my ears. Entire freedom of choice was granted me within the following limits. My bride must be well educated, well principled, and well born. If she were rich it was well, but wealth was not indispensable.

To fulfil this laudable purpose my mother carefully and successively invited all the eligible young ladies of the neighborhood to stay at Speynings on long periodical visits during my vacations. She made it a pretext that a ward of hers who lived with us was in want of a companion in her rides and drives and walks. It was natural that Fanny Egerton should require more lively companions than an old woman like herself. My mother did not do herself justice. In the first place, she was not an old woman; in the next, as Fanny confided to me, she was far more agreeable as a companion than any girl in the neighborhood. However, Fanny had sufficient tact not to appear contradictory. She allowed it to be supposed that sharing her daily drive, for a week at a time with blue-eyed Laura Conyers was pleasant, though Laura was more dull than a fashionable novel; she played duets with exemplary patience with Emma Danvers, who was music mad; and she would ride for hours with Nora Compton, who was a *Die Vernon* as regards equestrian exploits. Poor Fanny! she would willingly have exchanged the society of these damsels in their most mirthful moods to have had one half-hour's conversation with my mother—and she was right. It was the most pleas-

ant companionship in the world. Unlike most elderly women, my mother had retained a liveliness of imagination, a buoyancy of temper, a youth of heart, that neither age, delicate health, nor a life chequered by many trials could dim or chill. In all the essential attributes of youth she was young.

I have often thought that my disinclination to marry, the imperviousness with which I bore feminine attacks on my peace, were derived from the charms of my home. Fanny's liveliness, my mother's tender and sympathetic indulgence, gave life a sweetness at Speynings which left me nothing to wish for.

I had travelled on the Continent; I had seen the most beautiful women in Paris, Vienna, and Rome. I had been in love, as in duty bound, at each place, but none of these inclinations had led me to take the inevitable step. No woman had inspired me with that feeling which is, I think, inseparable from a real love, the yearning for a home shared with the woman one loves. I never longed to see Leonie de Fierville's face at breakfast, and I never returned from a long mountain expedition while I was in Italy with any wish that on my return I could see the smile of Fiamma Altoviti illuminating my hearth. As to Adelheid Falkenstein, I always drew breath more freely out of her imperial and exacting presence, though I was such an adoring slave while in it.

Nor did I, that pleasant morning, after my two years' travels, when I came down to breakfast, and saw my mother's eyes sparkle as I entered, and heard Fanny's joyous voice bid me good-morning, retain the faintest recollection of Leonie's bright eyes, the faultless profile of Fiamma, or the Zenobia bearing of Adelheid.

Fanny was in her riding-habit, and I could not help smiling when I found, in the course of conversation, that she was going to invite Nora Compton to spend a few days with us. It was too early, I thought, but I offered to accompany her; and immediately afterwards the horses were brought round, and we mounted.

"I cannot understand, Fanny," said I, as we rode along, "why my mother thinks it necessary to spoil our comfortable trio by the admission of a fourth. Surely, you have no pleasure in talking to a rough, noisy girl like Nora?"

"A certain degree of pleasure, for I like her; but I should not wish to invite her for my own sake, but your mother wishes it, and that is enough for me. Besides, I sometimes think I am too much for her; she is so very delicate, Hubert; more so than formerly—have you not noticed it?"

My heart sunk; I *had* observed it, but attributed the paler cheek, the slighter figure, to the inevitable progress of time, not to any increase of illness.

Fanny saw I was moved, and changed the conversation.

"Do you think Nora handsome?"

"Handsome?"

"Surely, she is handsome with those beautiful features and complexion, and that smooth black hair folded round her head like black satin."

"Possibly," I said, indifferently; "suppose we canter now."

We arrived. I remember as I walked through the hall my spur caught against a child's toy which had been carelessly left there, and I nearly fell.

"I am sorry," exclaimed Fanny, "for I see by this toy Mrs. Villars is arrived."

I did not ask her to explain herself, for at this moment we entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Villars was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Compton. She was a widow. She had been married before I went to college, and had been a widow two years. I had never seen her.

We entered the room. By the window sat a lady; she had a child on her knee, and was stooping down over him, showing him a picture book; her fair wavy hair fell so low down on her cheek I could not distinguish her features, but the outline of the bending figure was grace itself. Such undulating willowy lines are seldom seen in an English figure.

The next moment Nora rushed in, and introduced me to her sister, Mrs. Villars. The lady looked up and bowed. What a lovely face! The eyes were large and bright, violet-colored, with brown eyelashes;

the mouth was rather wide, but very red, and set in curves of arch and "*folâtre*" meaning; the cheek was dimpled and rounded like a young girl's; but the brow was thoughtful, and under the eye were lines which showed that girlhood was put away, and that a woman's cares had commenced.

While Nora laughed and talked to Fanny, who was somewhat absent and fidgety, so at least it seemed to me, I had full leisure to contemplate the enchanting picture before me. The child so effectually occupied its mother that she could not speak to any one else, and it was best for me. How could I have talked at such a moment?

It seems cynical to remark it, but I have observed that a pretty woman is never so kind and complaisant to her child as before strangers. Not as may be vulgarly imagined to exalt their opinion of her maternal love, but that a winsome form never takes such little attitudes as in the tender caresses and struggles, half play and half affection, which take place on such occasions. A romping child rumples the hair, and displays most unconsciously its bright waving luxuriance, or drags up a sleeve and exhibits a round white arm, or (profane imp) nestles in a throat which is white as a swan's; and all these accidents add much to the impression made by a beautiful woman.

Mrs. Villars was quite aware of these advantages, and failed not to make use of them. Only for a short time, however. The child was tenderly caressed, and then dismissed. She turned to me.

"Those young ladies seem to have so much to converse about, Mr. Spencer, that perhaps you will have time to walk with me round the garden. I will show you the improvements."

She took up carelessly a veil of black lace which was on the table, threw it lightly over her head, and passed out through the verandah into the garden.

Heavens! how beautiful she was! How much more lovely is the beauty of some women than that of others. Fanny was remarkably pretty, a fair Saxon-looking girl; Nora's face and figure were celebrated: what was it that gave Mrs. Villars, whose features were more irregular, whose complexion was far less youthful, her peerless and transcendent beauty? They might please, she charmed. Long study and natural grace gave her man



ners and appearance the most exquisite softness. To this was added a low musical voice, sufficient intelligence to know exactly what to say and what to leave unsaid, and more tact than I have ever seen in any other woman. It was this which attracted all who came within reach of her influence. Nature had endowed her with that organization at once flexible and strong, such as we only see in the feline race, and with it she had the same sportive and graceful pliancy. Her head was low and broad: phrenologists would have pronounced it of that shape which gives most scope to the organs of caution and acquisitiveness, but it was not depressed at the temples; the sympathetic and perceptive part of our faculties was well though less powerfully represented. This is the type which from time immemorial belongs to the women who enchant men. The Lamia type. But this is a digression.

I walked with Mrs. Villars in the garden: she pointed out to me the changes and improvements in the gardens and shrubberies of the Grange, and floated rather than trod through the green enclosures and over the raised lawn. Her little boy, who had come down again, fluttered by us; I heard the merry laughter of the two girls in the drawing-room; there was something unutterably fragrant in the flowers, and it seemed to me as if a bit of Paradise had fallen from the skies into this lonely squire's house in Devonshire. She spoke, but I was monosyllable in my answers. I could enjoy, but could not speak. At last Fanny ran out. Her quick step grated on my ears.

"I have ordered the horses, Hubert," she said; "I cannot stay longer."

"When does Miss Compton come?"

"Not yet, she says——"

"Do not let her delay her visit on my account," said Mrs. Villars, in her rich melancholy voice. "Mamma and I will take care of each other."

"No, another time will do just as well."

Fanny shook hands with Mrs. Villars, and bade her adieu. I noticed there was something aggressive in the manner of both. I had a sort of desperate feeling that I could not say good-by without leaving some door open, making some opportunity by means of which I could return sooner than it would have been otherwise decorous to do. How wildly my thoughts flew from point to point

as we advanced to the horses, my very eagerness to effect my purpose confusing me and distracting me as to the choice of means. I stammered, I hesitated. I began a hundred sentences without finishing any. At last Mrs. Villars, as if she penetrated my wish and kindly sought to gratify it, said,—

"One of my first visits will be to Mrs. Spencer, but as it may be some days before I can go, will you ask her to send me the flower-seeds she promised me the last summer I was here?"

I could have fallen down and kissed her feet. "I will bring them to-morrow," I said to myself, but I only bowed and took leave. I mounted Fanny, and then, as we rode slowly on through the park, turned back and caught a last glimpse of the floating white dress and of the black veil over the shining hair.

Fanny and I were silent as we rode home.

She, poor child, had commenced talking, but finding her efforts at conversation entirely unavailing had desisted. I was grateful to her. I did not desire to break through the silence, filled with enchanted reveries in which I had wrapped myself away from the past and the present, and which with a golden mist enveloped the future. When we reached Speynings Fanny went at once into the house, but I loitered till dinner time among the terraces. It was late when I entered. The glorious vision which the air and sunshine had called forth had faded into the twilight.

I found my mother and Fanny together. My mother looked a little serious and a little disappointed.

"I am so sorry Nora cannot come," she said.

"Her visit is only delayed," I answered indifferently; "by the by, Mrs. Villars asked me to remind you of some flower-seeds you promised her."

"Yes, Fanny has told me: I will send them to-morrow to the Grange."

There was no more to be said. I had so established my reputation as a declared enemy to morning visits that I could not offer to take them. I was silent and thoughtful. When I looked up I found my mother's eyes fixed most earnestly on me.

My mother was not at all handsome. She could not have been so even in her youthful days. The only remarkable—and by

remarkable I do not mean beautiful—feature in her face was her eyes. Neither in color nor shape could they be called pretty. They were pale blue, and somewhat small, though bright, but the expression was peculiar. Usually they had a frank, intelligent expression, as innocent and confiding as the look of a tame bird; but at times they deepened into the most startling intentness. Stendahl tells us that in the East there is a tradition which refers to this singular power in the eyes. The Arabs say that when the angels walked the earth among the sons and daughters of men, they knew each other under their mortal garb by this peculiar glance. Most women's eyes betray their sex either by a veiled or a conscious look. My mother's eyes were sexless. They had not more softness than would have become a man's, they had not more fire than might have flashed from a woman's. At this moment they were prophetic.

People talk of the wonders of mesmerism, of spiritual manifestation through gifted mediums: what can be more wonderful than the intuitive knowledge which we sometimes obtain of the feelings of another? I felt as certain as if she had spoken, that my mother did not like Mrs. Villars, and would disapprove of my cultivating an intimacy with her.

"Why do you not like Mrs. Villars?" I asked, pursuing my own thoughts, unconscious of the abruptness of my remark. It tallied, however, too much with her own secret thoughts to seem abrupt. Fanny blushed scarlet, my mother turned pale.

"Why should you think we dislike Mrs. Villars?"

"Do you mean to say I am mistaken?"

"You have almost obtained second sight if you can read my thoughts in that way. I will not say I dislike Mrs. Villars, for I scarcely know her. She left the Grange very young, when her parents went abroad, and returned twelve years afterwards a married woman. She visited her parents rarely, and this is the first time I have ever had the opportunity of seeing her. She arrived about six months ago. Yet by that freemasonry which reveals one woman to another, I should say she was a dangerous person."

"From her marvellous beauty?—I agree with you."

"Marvellous beauty?" exclaimed Fanny.

"She has not a good feature in her face except her eyes. She is not young, and looks absolutely plain sometimes."

My lips curled at this feminine jealousy.

"I think her looks variable," said my mother, "but I do not deny that she is at times wonderfully beautiful. But her beauty is dangerous, for she is artful, selfish, and cold-hearted. I should be sorry if any one I loved loved her, for that love, under the happiest circumstances, would only lead to disappointment and misery."

"My dear mother," said I, taking her hand, "it is very well for Fanny to speak disparagingly of her friend's sister; it may proceed from a disinterested jealousy on her friend's account,—but you?"

"Did you think I spoke from jealousy?" and something of scorn passed over her face. It was instantly checked, and with a caressing motion habitual to her she passed her hand over my cheek, and said, tenderly, "My dearest, do not think me prejudiced; I am quite willing you should judge for yourself. I will call on Mrs. Villars to-morrow."

I was so confident of my power, so certain that if it were in human possibility to grant me a wish my mother would have moved heaven and earth to do it, that I did not feel particularly flattered at my triumph. I was too much accustomed to her indulgence, and too much spoiled by it, not to take this proof—Heaven knows I had daily and hourly proofs of it—with the most passive indifference. I left the room: I wished to be alone to distinguish what was in my heart. "I adore my mother," I thought, "and I love Fanny; but there is a point beyond which they cannot step. It is folly to think that after having seen Mrs. Villars once I can have other feelings for her but admiration, but that admiration belongs to an order of sensations over which no human being can have the least control. I have nothing to do with their measurement of her value, or they with my appreciation of her worth. I feel that she and I are in a region beyond their reach. I will never name her again." The very tenor of these reflections ought to have convinced me that I was entering a perilous path, but I was unconscious of it—I was dazzled, besotted, blind.

Beloved as I was by my mother, few sons had actually lived so little with a parent. I

had been taken abroad when a child, and sent to my father, who resided there. He had been separated from my mother soon after my birth.

There had been a great disparity in position between my parents. He was the second son of a second son of a good county family, and connected with the peerage. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer. My father was staying in the neighborhood of her home, studying with a private tutor. As I have said, she could never have been beautiful, or even pretty. She was tall, thin, fair, but her figure was ordinary, her face freckled. She possessed no luxuriance of bloom to deck out ordinary features, yet some great charm she must have possessed, for he fell desperately in love with her, and for that love braved the displeasure of his parents and married her. Both her friends and his were equally displeased at the match. Her father, who had always been harsh and unkind to her, for no fault of hers but that she was a girl instead of a boy, disinherited her for this act, and for thus having abandoned her own sphere and her own people for a penniless sprig of nobility. His friends excommunicated him for having mixed the blue blood of the Spencers with this plebeian source, where there was not even the excuse of beauty to palliate his folly.

I remember my father well. He was very handsome; fine features, a dark, clear complexion, beautiful curly hair, patrician hands and feet, and manners which were perfection. But never did a more ornamented casket contain a more thorough bit of tinsel. It seems unfilial to say so, but this impression is indelible. With him my childhood was unhappy, my boyhood miserable, and the faults which have cursed my manhood are, I must believe, owing to his neglect. I was never the object of his care, or the subject of his discipline. My selfishness was encouraged by his, and his example fostered my weakness in right, and my obstinacy in wrong. If he did not "write like an angel, and talk like poor Poll," he talked as a man of the most exquisite sensibility, and acted with a hardness which was almost fabulous. I never could imagine what had at first attracted him to my mother. I could understand her better; she was young, left to herself, and without a mother. Thrown into the society of a young man of great per-

sonal beauty, his refined manners, and apparently noble character, seemed the realized ideal of her fairest imaginations. She was well educated, and solitude had deepened and exalted her character. He saw the impression he had made, and at first had probably no other intention than to beguile the time which his father had obliged him to devote to study, but as is inevitable in the association of human beings, the stronger, truer character attained ascendancy over the feebler, false one. He had sufficient intelligence to see that this young woman possessed a truth and simplicity of disposition, a warmth of heart, and a magnanimity of character which was as rare as it was precious. The great power of her love magnetized him, and for awhile his weak nature wore an aspect which seemed worthy of hers. They married, and were disowned by their relations.

At first they lived in obscure lodgings in London. Soon after marriage the two characters began to feel the wide gulf between them. Adversity is a great test. Selfishness, hardheartedness, and falsehood were mated to generosity, tenderness, and truth. Had the wife possessed a particle of artifice, she might perhaps have maintained for a short time longer her power over him, but she was totally devoid of it. She was frank to a fault. Her intelligence was keen enough to detect the hollowness of the love offered to her, and the recoil was proportionate to the love she had given. He said his home was wretched, and acted on this assertion by abandoning it, two months before my birth, in company with a French actress, with whom he went to Italy.

His uncle, on hearing this last *escapade* of his worthless nephew, came up to town to see the poor deserted young wife. He became, as all who knew her became, strongly attached to her, and furious against her husband. He was an eccentric but clever man, and understood that the *mésalliance* which had caused such a storm in his brother's family was, in fact, on the side of the noble affectionate heart which had given its pure gold for such vile metal.

He was the head of the Spencers, had married a rich heiress, and had no family. With the exception of Speynings, which he could not alienate, he had the power of leaving his property where he pleased. He and

his wife took my mother home with them, and supplied to her the place of the husband who had deserted her and the father who had disinherited her. At his death he left all he was possessed of to her, with the exception of an annuity to my father, to be paid to him on condition of his never returning to England or claiming Speynings; and he made an arrangement with my grandfather to allow my mother to reside there, and to administer the estate in trust for me, but only to be my heritage after her death. She was free to marry again, should she become a widow, and even the bequest to me was limited to her pleasure. My uncle died when I was five years old. When my father heard of the will his rage knew no bounds, and his first act was an unpardonable one. Actuated by the most iniquitous spirit of revenge, and knowing how my mother was wrapped up in me, he sent for me. Law was on his side, and I was yielded up to him.

His next step was inspired by the same evil spirit, but the consequences were less fatal. The French actress had long left him, and he had devoted his leisure time to painting, for which he had some talent. He was at Vienna when my uncle died. He immediately burnt his palette and brushes, and, as the greatest mortification he could inflict upon the family who had so injured him, joined a house of business in Vienna. The name of Spencer was seen attached to two Jewish names, and figured among the Co. of a mercantile firm. His speculations were fortunate, and he became rich. He did not, however, long enjoy his wealth. He died when I was about fourteen. By his will, I was not to inherit a farthing of his property till I was five-and-twenty. The money was not to be touched till then by me, or for my use, but reserved for the purposes of the house of business till that time, when I was to make my choice of joining in it or of realizing my fortune and leaving it. Till then I was dependent for everything on my mother, but I was only to reside with her during alternate holidays, and I was to travel for two years before I was twenty-one.

This spirit of animosity, which died but with his death, was an acute grief to my poor mother, but she was obliged to submit. She loved me passionately as the pulse of her life—the idol of her being—and I loved her, or rather thought I loved her, devot-

edly. My neglected childhood had made me delicate and sickly, and the languor of ill-health made me appear to her partial eyes of a gentler, finer character than I really was. I was like my father in person, but apparently of a more affectionate disposition and of a sweeter temper. In me and my future she garnered up every hope and centred every dream of life. My poor, poor mother!

#### CHAPTER II. THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

THE next morning I refused to accompany my mother and Fanny when they announced that they were going to take the flower-seeds to Mrs. Villars. Fanny looked innocently pleased, but I could not deceive my mother. She sighed and drew down her veil, and gave the order to drive on.

It was about an hour afterwards that I heard the sound of wheels coming up the avenue. From the couch on which I sat near the library window I could command a view of the approach to the house. I was reading Browning's "Pretty Woman," and was dreaming over the line

"All the face composed of flowers"

as a pony carriage came in sight. It was Mrs. Villars and her little boy. She was driving herself, and I had the satisfaction of observing her inimitable grace as she drove up to the door. The servant informed her, I suppose, his mistress was out, for after a pause and a glance up at the different windows, she drove off. I unconsciously and mechanically followed. I could have given no reason why, but I found myself at the lodge gate as she drew up before it. I was out of breath from the speed with which I had crossed the lawn and meadows by a direct path while she had driven round the circuitous one.

She stopped instantly.

"I have called on your mother," she said; "mamma sent me off this morning with a message to Mrs. Spencer. To console Nora for not coming here, I was to ask Mrs. Spencer if she could spare Miss Egerton to us for a few days."

"My mother will be sorry to have missed you, for she has gone to the Grange this morning."

"I am very sorry; but if I make haste, I may perhaps overtake her."



She whipped her little ponies with great energy; but whether they resented this peremptoriness or disliked the previous pause, or from what other cause I know not, after a little preliminary fretting and consulting with each other, they commenced a series of kicks and plunges which threatened destruction to the little carriage and imminent danger to its occupants. I sprang over the fence which separated the field from the road, and held the horses' heads while the groom lifted out the child and Mrs. Villars, who seemed almost too frightened to stir. After a little discipline, alternated with a little soothing, the ponies became quiet; but she would not get in again.

"I am not afraid for myself," she said, "but for Harry, Mr. Spencer."

She looked pale, and her sweet face was turned imploringly to me.

"But can you walk three miles?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; and I dare say I shall meet with some one who will carry Harry, if he gets tired. Shall I ask the man here?"

I smiled, for I knew the lodgekeeper was out, and that the duty must devolve on me. I explained this, and, with many apologies for taking up my time, she consented to avail herself of my escort.

The groom, looking very black, and muttering observations which did not sound complimentary to Mrs. Villars mode of driving, was sent home with the little carriage. He was evidently jealous for the reputation of his horses, and this unwonted exhibition of self-will on their part he attributed to some provocation given intentionally to them. For my part, I blessed them.

What a walk that was! How much in the sudden intimacy which the circumstances produced she told me of herself, her position—suggested, rather than told, but impressing it only the more forcibly on my imagination. She had travelled with her parents, from the age of twelve, and had resided many years in Italy. This explained something piquant and uncommon in her speech and manner, which is only to be found in the effect of foreign life upon some English constitutions, and accounted for the grace and expression with which our language fell from her lips: the enchanting tones gave something of southern warmth and richness to our cold northern idiom. The "Harry" to her child was like a drop of dew falling from

a rose. The elder brother had died of consumption abroad. Her parents had been induced to remain in Italy for fear of the same complaint manifesting itself in her. A short time before their return she married Mr. Villars. Not a word of complaint passed her lips; but her marriage had evidently not been a happy one. What circumstances had led to the marriage she did not mention, but I inferred it was not the choice of her heart. There evidently had been repression, suffering, and isolation in her fate. A long illness of her husband had terminated fatally, and she had found herself a widow two years before. I thus met with her free, but almost destitute. She had accepted her mother's invitation to spend some time with her, as soon as her husband's affairs had been wound up, and she had now been residing some time at the Grange.

By the time we had reached it, my heart was in a tumult of pity, love, sympathy for the graceful victims beside me.

The arrival of the carriage without her daughter had alarmed Mrs. Compton, and our arrival was hailed by her with the greatest joy. I had saved her daughter's life, for thus she exaggerated the simple service I had done her; and she therefore welcomed me with the most overflowing demonstrations of delight. She would not hear of my going home for dinner. I remained. Mrs. Villars was less demonstrative than her mother, but her manners wore an appearance of gentle gratitude, which was precious beyond words to me. I did not feel that this was the second time I had seen her, but as if all my life had tended to this acquaintance, and had been a preparation for it; so that my love sprang to life vigorous, eager, mature.

In the evening Mrs. Villars sang. She chose some simple Neapolitan songs. Her voice was of that vibrating and rich tone which gives such effect to those wild, racy melodies. She had twisted some jessamine in her hair, which suited well the chastened softness of her mien. But indeed that graceful head would have looked equally lovely adorned by a wreath of flowers or a bandeau of diamonds. When I left the Grange I was engaged to drive with Mrs. Compton the next day to Raynham Abbey, an interesting ruin about nine miles off, which the families of the neighborhood visited as an object for



a day of pleasure, or for a gay picnic when they had friends staying with them.

My walk home by moonlight that night I shall never forget. Picture to yourself the moving pageant of a Roman triumph, the banners, the music, the strange adjuncts, all harmonizing with, and at the same time adding a glory to the victorious central figure, and you will have an idea of what my feelings were, and with what jubilant ecstasy they surrounded and bore up, as it were, the image of Marian Villars. It seemed like exchanging victory for defeat when I left the luminous meadows over which I had passed on my way from the Grange, and entered the shadowy gloom of the avenue which led to Speynings. It was still early, and I thought I saw a light in my mother's room, but I did not go in as usual.

I had a deep conviction that in this turning-point of my life I should not find sympathy in the heart which hitherto had never denied it to me. It was a fatal error.

The next morning's early engagement prevented my breakfasting at home. I had only a moment to read my letters and say good-morning to my mother and Fanny; and thus, in the most unconscious and accidental manner, many days passed. What was thought of these perpetual absences I never paused to inquire. I was floating down a stream too softly and smoothly to be aware of the rapidity with which I was borne upon it. Three weeks after I had first seen Mrs. Villars, I was desperately, passionately in love with her, and a wall seemed to have arisen between me and the inmates of my home. Nothing had been said, nothing done; I never named her name to them, nor was she named to me. The usual tenor of life went on both at the Grange and at Speynings, but visits between the ladies of the two houses became rarer and rarer. A voluminous correspondence was carried on betwixt Nora and Fanny, and that was all.

I had noticed that, since my return, Fanny, though always pleasant and good-natured, had avoided me almost pertinaciously. At any other time this would have piqued me, but now it rather suited me. There was something very childlike in Fanny; in my boyhood her archness and simplicity had sometimes delighted, sometimes tormented me. When a lad is advancing to manhood the railery of a lively,

innocent girl is often a positive nuisance to him. My sentimentality was wont to divert Fanny extremely, and was the cause of un-failing quarrels between us; but when I became older I assumed in virtue of my five years' seniority, a protective and paternal manner, which was an effectual shield against her; I treated her as a little girl, and she was so slight and small for her age, that it did not seem as absurd as it was, to do so.

On my return I found her grown and developed in person. Very pretty she always had been, but she was now rounding into blooming womanhood, and to most men would have been singularly attractive. To me, however, she would still have been the girl to be patronized and kept at a distance, had I not found, on my return, there was no chance of the old familiar jests and games. She was still "Fanny," and I was still "Hubert;" but in all else our intercourse was changed. It was she who was reserved, and I could not establish the old fraternal familiarity.

My vanity would at any other time have whispered a flattering reason, but I was soon too much pre-occupied to reflect on the cause of the change, though I noticed the change itself. I remember, one day, at the Grange, that Mrs. Compton noticed how changed Miss Egerton was.

"She is quite a quiet, silent girl now, and she used to be so lively and clever," was her remark.

Nora was in the room, and she looked at me with a strange pertinacity in her look, and the color deepening in her face.

I was silent; I heard, but was too absorbed in watching Mrs. Villars, who was writing a letter, to reply.

She looked up, and said, smiling,—

"Remember, mamma, that Miss Egerton is just at that awkward age of transition between a child and a girl, which some natures find it so awkward to pass through. If she gives way to her natural—what shall I call it?—love of fun, she fears she would be thought a little girl, and she has not yet learned the art of young lady liveliness. Very few girls are sensible grown women from their cradles, like you, Nora dear."

Nora did not seem to appreciate the compliment, and curled her lip, but she was silent. But I ask any candid person if Mrs. Villars' remark, kind and considerate as it

seemed, was not very disenchanting to its subject. It divested Fanny's timid retiringness of any charm whatever to treat it as pure awkwardness.

No doubt the conversation was reported to Fanny by Nora, and she became more and more still and taciturn in my presence. All the nameless little charms which a woman so prettily displays when she has a confidence in herself that she does please, are shut up and curled away ruthlessly when she feels she is not done justice to. The sea-anemone, with its delicate coloring and exquisite form, rising to the surface of the water, is not more different from the gelatinous and coagulated lump which sinks to the bottom of the pool, than the woman who knows she is admired and the same woman when she feels she is not.

My mother loved Fanny too much to "prôner" her to me; but she felt somewhat impatient at my utter blindness to a beauty which was acknowledged by all, and my insensibility to the sweetness of a nature entirely truthful and profoundly affectionate. This impatience was rarely manifested, but when it was, it did Fanny disservice; it hardened me against her, and excited me to think that my mother's jealousy for her protégée rendered her unjust to Mrs. Villars' attractions.

Almost daily I found myself in the beautiful little morning-room at the Grange, alone with Marian Villars. The child playing in and out of the room took off from the feeling of our being left alone; at the same time, for all intents and purposes, we were alone. They were mornings over which the primal air of Eden seemed to blow. We did not speak much, but there was the most perfect accord in all which we said. The modest intelligence, the graceful imagination, the refined taste, rather betrayed than shown, completed the impression made by a beauty which I had never seen equalled. I watched her moving about the room, "A spirit, yet a woman too," diffusing light, as it seemed to me, by the mere fact of her presence, and drank deeper and deeper of the fatal cup which she held out to me.

She usually dressed in the lightest colors, generally in white, and the fair hair was always arranged with the most careless simplicity, sometimes gathered up into a net, but usually allowed to wave loosely round

her face, "*elle était plus femme que les autres femmes*;" and this constituted her principal charm. Very young girls are so unconscious, that they become almost sexless, and often jar or grate on the very feelings they excite. Women of her own age, if clever or beautiful, are apt to oppress one; we feel we do not sway them, we are swayed by them, and are tempted to revolt against them. She contrived to combine the pliant temper of girlhood with the serene suavity of maturity. I went with her to visit the poor; she was the administratrix of her mother's charities. It touched my heart to see her dispensing consolation, giving alms, bestowing advice, and gliding like a moon-beam into their dark and miserable dwellings. My mother and Fanny were also the Lady Bountifuls of the village near which they dwelt; but somehow, their benefactions had never inspired me with the feelings of approbation for them, or the compassion for their protégées that I felt now.

There were two shadows, however, on this bright picture. One was, that I never advanced, as it were. A friendly, almost affectionate intimacy by words and manner, but nothing beyond. Her looks spoke a different language. Often and often have I met her eyes fixed on mine with a glance which seemed to reveal a world of inexpressible tenderness, yearning, regret; then she would blush, and look away, as soon as she was conscious of my observation, and there would be nothing more. True, she allowed me a large portion of her society, but I could build no hopes on this sufferance, for it seemed the effect of chance.

The other was the subtle almost imperious influence which seemed to separate me from my home. She scarcely spoke of it, never certainly unkindly, yet I always felt when I left her a secret feeling of irritation against them. I felt it was scarcely becoming a man of my age (I was twenty-two) not to live in a house of my own; that my mother took advantage of her excessive love to keep me in a state of tutelage; that, like all mothers, she was foolishly jealous; that, in seeking my happiness, she was resolved that that happiness should be derived from her as from its only source. It would be difficult to explain how these impressions were made: a word suggested a train of thought which led to this feeling, but the word, judged

by itself, was guiltless. A latent ridicule was cast on her and on Fanny—that fine intangible satire with which one woman knows how to cover another, and which, like dust, changes nothing, but imperceptibly dims the brilliancy and mars the beauty of all which it touches. Certain inconveniences in the mode of living at Speynings were pointed out which made me dissatisfied with it. Hitherto I had been happy there. Few men could command as I did the society of two women more calculated to render a home pleasant. Both were intelligent and lively, and both disposed—one from her deep maternal affection for me, the other from her regard for and docility to the former—to gratify my every wish and anticipate my every desire. But the fear that all boys have that their independence may be tampered with, the consciousness that this strong affection which pervaded my whole being, and was the life of my life, was looked upon with aversion by my mother, was the poison which envenomed my home-happiness, and finally destroyed it.

I remember one evening we sat in the library. It opened on the lawn, and Nora and Fanny were walking up and down in the moonlight. My mother sat in a deep arm-chair talking, or rather listening to the conversation of the clergyman of the parish, who sat beside her. Marian sat by my side on the sofa near the lamp. She was working some gay piece of embroidery. Her slender fingers looked white amidst the bright-colored floss silks; her eyes were downcast, and she was listening with that serious sweetness which was one of the loveliest expressions of her face. One of her charms was a reticence which left much to the imagination. More brilliant talkers produced less effect, for with her one always felt that one was on the verge of some profound thought or some noble feeling which her diffidence prevented her uttering, and the pleasure was thus enhanced. My heart was full. Oh! that life could have paused now forever, or flamed on forever, she and I thus side by side. If the feelings of one heart could inspire the atmosphere which another breathed, Marian must have felt the air glow like a flame around her. Suddenly I looked up. We sat sufficiently apart for our conversation to be inaudible. My mother sat with her cheek resting on her hand,

looking at Marian so intently that she did not hear a word which was being said to her. Her gaze was penetrating to sternness; but as the look seemed to sink further and further into the heart of the person gazed upon, it grew darker and darker, and more disapprobation mingled with its sternness. I involuntarily drew nearer to Marian. Such a look seemed to carry so ominous a weight of condemnation with it, that I was ready to throw myself before her, as if to rescue her from some bodily pain. My mother saw the involuntary motion, and our eyes met; she must have read defiance in mine, in hers I saw compassion and surprise.

It seems absurd to chronicle such a moment, yet it was a very bitter one to me. And in such a wordless, motionless manner are often the deepest tragedies of our lives enacted. Presently the carriage came, and they left. As Marian rose to go I folded her soft cloak about her with an insane desire to press her to my heart before them all, and bear her “somewhere, anywhere, out of the world.” When I returned from taking her to the carriage the library was empty. I went into my own room, and there sat my mother waiting for me. She looked very pale. I could have sworn in my impatience, but I controlled myself and sat beside her.

“Have you proposed to Mrs. Villars?” she asked, in a cold, constrained tone.

“No.”

“Thank God! what a weight is off my heart. My dearest!” she said, taking my hand, “listen to me; you know your happiness is my first, my only consolation—”

“People always preface in that way something which cuts it up at the roots,” I said, angrily.

My mother had a very proud though a very loving heart; she drew back, offended, and said coldly,—

“I think it my duty to tell you that I have heard Mrs. Villars is tacitly, if not actually engaged.”

“A lie,” I said; “some confounded country gossip.”

“It may be so; but I tell you, Hubert, you are heaping up misery for yourself by your present self-indulgence. That woman loves nothing so well as herself. As long as it feeds her vanity, she will accept your homage up to a certain point. No doubt she likes you, but she will never bestow any

preference on you which will be in any way prejudicial to herself. She is a cold coquette."

"Enough," said I, impatiently, "I love her, and the whole world is as dust in the balance when weighed against that love. I never will believe a syllable against her, and any one who places him or herself in antagonism with her, places themselves so with me."

My mother's eyes flashed; but she paused, and when she continued, her voice was full of tears.

"It had been my wish that the woman who was to be your wife should be my daughter; and though my heart has little room to hold another affection but that I have for you, Hubert," and her voice faltered, "it would have made room for her; but if it is as I fear, it will——"

"Empty itself of both! that is just what I expected. Parents always love their children after a fashion I, for one, could never understand. You love me, but I am not free to love whom I will; this is bondage, and I will not put up with it. I should regret any such necessity, of course, but my life must be freed from the chance of this perpetual opposition."

"Hush!" said my mother, as pale as death, and she took up her candle with a trembling hand. "Do not say words which cannot be unsaid—I see a miserable prospect before us—but do not alienate your truest friend. Good-night; God bless you!" and her tears fell fast over my face, and she kissed me.

I would have detained her, for my heart smote me, but she would not be detained. I felt angry with my mother, and angry with myself, and I unconsciously tried, by encouraging the anger I felt, to stifle the terrible suspicion which my mother's first words had raised. Could it be true? was Marian engaged?

It was with a tumult of contending feelings that I reflected that it was possible. I had no claim on her. No perjury to me in word or deed would have burdened her soul—but O God! did looks mean nothing? did that consummate gentleness of manner belong to all as well as to me? was the precious pearl of her love a jewel set apart for another?

I passed the night without sleep or rest. I thought not of the pain I had given, I only

thought with dread of that which I might be about to receive. I resolved that no later than to-morrow I should put my fortune to the touch to win or lose it all.

Evil tidings make sometimes the spectres of which they speak. The next day, when shaken as it were by a long illness, I walked slowly towards the Grange; I found, on arriving there, symptoms of an arrival. A strange man-servant made his appearance in the hall, and a huge Newfoundland dog rushed out to meet me with the most canine gambols. When I entered the usual morning-room, Mrs. Compton, and not Marian, received me. Lounging on the couch on which she usually sat was a man about ten years older than myself.

Mrs. Compton introduced him to me as Mr. Warburton. Mr. Warburton acknowledged the introduction superciliously. My loose, lounging appearance, so great a contrast to his own, did not impress him favorably. He was a good-looking man: most of the attributes of beauty were his in great perfection. Very white, even teeth, which glittered as he spoke; large, bright, china-blue eyes, and well-cut features; but the impression of the whole was disagreeable. A martinet neatness of exterior made the most of his personal advantages. But mediocrity was stamped upon him from head to foot; any one so ineffably commonplace I have never known. He was the concentration of concealed mediocrity combined with that hardness of character which is so often the undercurrent of a worldly plausible nature. From mending a pen to guiding a nation Harry Warburton thought himself more likely to be successful than any one else. He paid the most careful attention to the most trivial things of life, and had a peculiar system, of which he was very proud, in everything. His household, his stables, his kitchen were all directed by him, and engaged his constant surveillance. He imagined his authority pervaded everything; he certainly could detect the most minute speculation in his household; but his friend or his wife might deceive him in the most barefaced manner, and he would remain most ludicrously unconscious. To most persons he was insufferable from his aggressive conceit, which he united to the most frank tuft-hunting. No one thought him an actually bad man; he would walk a mile with the utmost



good-nature to save his friend a shilling, though he would just as soon make unscrupulous use of the shilling thus saved for his own purposes. I little imagined, as I looked at him, and his peculiarities affected me more and more, that he would inspire me with one of those strange feelings, partly amical partly inimical, which, in a nature so weak and inconsistent as mine, would be more enduring than stronger affections. At first, I confess, I felt unmitigated dislike.

He soon rose and left the room, bored apparently with my monosyllabic replies to his questions, and I was left to entertain Mrs. Compton. I waited for nearly two hours, but no Marian appeared. During the pauses of our conversation I heard animated conversation up-stairs, for it was summer, and doors and windows were wide open. I could distinguish the metallic tones of Mr. Warburton, but not his words; once I heard the voice of Marian calling out impatiently, "Be quiet, Harry," and I was glad thus to know that her child was with her, but that was all. At length, tired with my long and vain waiting, I rose, took my leave, and commenced retracing my steps homewards.

As I walked on I met Nora and Fanny; their cheeks were flushed as if they had been conversing on interesting subjects, and Fanny's eyes looked red as if she had been crying. She looked at me steadfastly for a moment, and then in a broken and agitated voice said, "How do you like Nora's brother-in-law?"

Nora made an ejaculation as if to stop her, but she went on, seeing I did not reply.

"Yes; Nora tells me Mrs. Villars is to be married to Mr. Warburton in a fortnight. They have been engaged some time, and were to be married in two months' time, but some affairs of Mr. Warburton have been settled sooner than he expected, and he arrived this morning with the good news."

She might have gone on for hours—I was literally stunned. There was a pause. At that very minute little Harry, who had been walking with them, ran up to me. I started as I saw him.

"It was not to him she spoke," I murmured.

"Look Hubert," he said, "look at this pretty sword Papa Harry has given me."

I required nothing further; those innocent lips had spoken my doom. Both girls looked at me earnestly; I felt I turned white, and instinctively Fanny put her hand on my arm. I put it aside. I joked, I laughed, I tossed up little Harry in my arms till he shouted with delight, and left them astonished and doubtful of the truth of their surmises.

I locked my door behind me when I entered my room. I will not describe the hour or two which followed. I then rose and rang for my servant. I told him to pack up my things, as I was obliged to leave Speynings by the next train; asked for my mother, heard with relief she was out, wrote her a few lines of hasty farewell, and the evening of the next day I was in Paris.

#### CHAPTER III. THE WOMAN I LOVED— MARIAN.

I SPENT two years out of England. After some time had passed, I wrote regularly to my mother, and poured out to her the feelings of my heart. They were more bitter than I can describe. It was like the fierce unslaked thirst of a fever unassuaged and unassuageable. Balzac says that the loss of an anticipated happiness is far more poignant than the loss of something which has been enjoyed. The imagination suffers, and adds to the suffering of the feelings. There was such a blending of the passion and the dream in my lost hope, that it almost drove me to madness. But in suffering and in sorrow, in love and in hate, still rose the fatal image to haunt, to pursue, and to torture. I tried everything. We are told that men have a thousand resources and pursuits, and that nothing obliges them to cherish the memory of an unhappy affection. I believe most men have felt as I did, that though the choice of these resources is ours, their efficacy is vain. I might as well have stayed at home gazing at a picture of Marian, as to have sought by any means whatever to remove her image from my sight. I plunged into dissipation, I occupied myself with politics, I travelled, I read; but I could not succeed in cheating myself for a moment. I endeavored to fancy myself in love with others; it was a miserable failure. Well had it been if the additional sorrow had been confined to myself: but with the selfishness which was mine, both from education and



nature, in these experiments I wantonly sacrificed the happiness of better natures than my own. After a brief season of passionate demonstrations of love, for it was almost with ferocity that I attached myself to the Cynthia of the minute, hoping thereby to efface the past from my thoughts, some unconquerable recollection would in a moment sweep over me, and drown, as in a flood, my present fragile fabric of love, and I would break off in despair.

When the feeling I had excited had been as factitious as my own, this was easy work, and the outer decencies were preserved, each fell away quietly; but in others where I had met with an honest nature, and, little deserving as I was, roused a sincere affection, the rupture was harder and more violent, and with each wrench I lost some of the integrity of my soul. I was fast deteriorating in character and in habits. I became even more self-indulgent and callous to the claims and feelings of others. My letters betrayed my state of mind and feeling to my mother and made her miserable. She mourned over me, and she mistakenly enough, but naturally enough, attributed my change to Marian, and her deep-rooted dislike to her increased.

She was wrong; there are affinities which are unerring. No healthy love for a young girl of my own age, whom I could have loved and married in a straightforward way, would have been possible to me. No fidelity was in me to bestow upon reciprocated love. I required just such an irritating, unsatisfied longing to keep up in me the feeling which was to remain alive when all else was dead in me.

It was at Venice that a circumstance occurred, which will prove how hard had become that heart which in my childhood and youth had been pronounced as tender as a girl's; but the softness of which was more to be attributed to physical weakness and nervous sensibility than real gentleness. It will also show what futile attempts I resorted to, to learn that strange art of forgetting, that power so capricious and so impossible to regulate. Days and weeks and months of my mother's devotion and of Fanny's kindness, passed away without leaving a trace; and not a word that Marian had ever spoken, not an airy grace which she ever displayed, not a turn of that enchanting

head, not a fleeting blush on the soft, fair face, not a look from those large spiritual eyes, ever passed from my mind.

I was in a gondola late one evening. It was a festa, and the lagoons were crowded. It had been a warm day, but the wind had risen, and brought with it a feeling of freshness and relief. The water was sparkling and dancing, the gondolas each with its light at its helm flew along like fireflies, and the whole scene was most animated and picturesque.

A gondola shot past me in the direction of the piazza San Marco. I saw a white dress, a black lace veil through which shone golden hair, and a hand that looked like a white flower in the moonlight, was holding the folds of the veil together under the chin. The attitude, the height, the dress irresistibly recalled Marian. A hope sharp and piercing as a serpent's sting, pierced into my heart. I told my gondolier to follow. In the press of boats I could not get very near, but I saw where the gondola stopped, and that out of it stepped two women and a man. It was some time, however, before I could come up to them, the Piazza was so thronged. I looked through the cafés, and among the various groups, but in vain. At length in a corner of one of the furthest cafés, I heard singing. A man with a rich barytone voice was singing in the soft Venetian dialect a stanza of Tasso. I was drawn to the sweet sounds, and seated at a table near the minstrel, was the same woman, her veil thrown back, and she leaned her cheek on her hand. My heart stopped its beating. She was like, yet not Marian. It was but a resemblance, one of those strange, startling resemblances! The eyes were a little darker, the forehead somewhat higher, the mouth smaller, but less finely cut, the hair less wavy; trifling discrepancies, which did not at first sight take away from the effect, but which on further acquaintance I detected, and which were signs of a different disposition. Less volatile, less versatile, more genuine. I introduced myself to these women. I found that the elder was a workwoman, the man and the younger woman were her step-brother and step-sister, and were being educated for the stage, the brother as a singer, the sister, Veronica, as an actress.

I introduced myself as an artist. I said I required a face like Veronica's, for the

principal figure in a picture I was painting. Would she sit to me? She consented. The sister claimed a trifling remuneration. I fixed the next morning for her first sitting.

I waited for her with an agitation which I can now scarcely comprehend. It seemed to me that this representation of her in my room brought Marian nearer to me, that the death silence between us would be broken by this; it was like the spiritual manifestation, through an ordinary medium, of some glorified spirit.

In the morning, about twelve o'clock, my door opened, and the Venetian girl stepped into the room, holding by the hand a little boy, her sister's child. She wore a white dress and black veil. I seated her in a deep crimson arm-chair by the window, and arranged my easel. When I had done, and half concealed by it, I strove to realize the present; it was vain, it seemed to blend in a mocking phantasmagoria with the past. The child playing about the room, the lovely serene grace of the attitude, the eyes, the hair, the beautiful hands—O God! how like she was, and what a miserable outcast wretch I felt.

After two hours she rose, and I fixed the same hours for the morrow, and she bade me farewell in the soft wooing accents of her language, and was gone.

The beauty of this woman was certainly marvellous. Her walk, her mien, her gentleness, were all as if she had been born in the purple. In her conversation, perhaps, one might have detected that she was uneducated, but she spoke very little. In this, again, she was like her prototype. This indulgence was to me like opium; I could not resist it, though it unnerved me for the whole day afterwards.

Veronica, so she was called, had a mild, indolent manner, which gave one the idea of almost lethargic coldness, but was in reality a veil to the most impassioned sensibility. She was afraid of herself. Her health was so weak that the least agitation might produce a fatal effect. I was warned of this by her sister. I found out still more from herself. During her mornings she confided to me much of her simple history. She and her brother had been brought up by this sister, much older than herself. The father had married twice, and the mother of the two younger ones was a German,

and from her Veronica inherited her golden hair and fair complexion. She had been educated to sing on the stage, but over-study or natural delicacy had so weakened her, that after a very successful rehearsal she had broken a blood-vessel, and had almost completely lost her voice. All hope of that career was over. She had been obliged to give it up, much to her regret. She was now in hopes of becoming an actress. Her exceeding beauty, and her sweet-toned voice, well fitted her for this; but I doubted her strength, and she herself was very desponding. It was a beautiful nature. The reserve of the colder northern race had given to the Venetian refinement and delicacy, without taking from its glow and vitality. The white brow, over which the blue veins were so clearly traced, was pensive and thoughtful, but the full-curved, deep-red lips opened like a pomegranate, and were tremulous with sensibility. She had never loved. This I had discovered soon after our first meeting. Her sister and brother had till then occupied her heart. Her studies had engrossed her thoughts, and strange to say, an Italian girl of humble position, and devoted to a trying and equivocal profession, was as spirit pure as any English girl, fenced from all harm by the care and protection of an English home.

I observed that as our sittings continued she lingered longer, spoke more, and though still very timid, she answered me more frankly and readily. Sometimes, when I raised my eyes from my work, I found hers fixed on me with a questioning and yearning look. With that expression on her face she was the image of Marian, and I have sometimes, with an exclamation, rushed from the room, unable any longer to support the fatal resemblance.

She knew nothing of me or of my history, but English artists are sufficiently common in Italy for her to believe, without any doubt or suspicion, what I had said the first day we met.

Sometimes her sister came to fetch her, and I was pleased with the unvarying affection with which she treated Veronica. If she found her looking a little tired she would invariably turn round upon me, and almost fiercely warn me that her sister's life hung on a thread. It seemed difficult to believe this, for the form was rounded and the

cheeks had a delicate bloom. But she was right. The fatal disease was going on insidiously all the while. I try to think so at least.

Once or twice I thought I would give it up, but I could not. The dreamy felicity which I thus secured for two or three hours every day was a pleasure I could not deny myself. Insensibly the time was lengthened out. After the painting was over I taught her English, and her progress was sufficiently rapid to interest me in the task. I was much interested in her, and the adoration I felt for the image she so vividly recalled gave my manner an impassioned tone which must have deceived her.

I could see (alas! an innocent girl's heart does not veil its feelings very profoundly) that she was becoming attached to me. Her face was bright as a morning sunbeam when she entered; when she quitted me there was a look of soft regret which dimmed its beauty. We would talk of England—she was very curious about its customs, ways of living, country and town habits. Poor Veronica! she dreamed, no doubt, as youth often dreams,—lost to the actual, absorbed in the ideal. A man of honor, or of the most moderate generosity, would have desisted, but I was not the man. When in her presence I felt a pleasure and an emotion which was inexpressibly exciting. It was partly Marian, partly Veronica. When absent, Veronica faded away and Marian's image remained alone. I was, however, of so susceptible an organization that the subtle influence of the presence of so beautiful a woman had its own distinct share on my feelings. Then wild thoughts would master me, and I would ask myself whether I could not accept the portrait, fatally separated as I was from the original. But in all my different cogitations and reflections no thought crossed my mind how far the game I played would involve the poor girl's own future.

At length one day, it had been a very warm and sultry one, the windows were open, not the slightest breeze from the water below waved the heavy curtains, I was painting, lost in a sweet but sad dream, and Veronica, a little fatigued by her long sitting and lulled by the silence, had fallen asleep. It was so warm at noon now that she did not bring out her little nephew. Her head was thrown back, and the crimson-colored cushion of

her chair lent its tint to her delicate face, a little paler than usual that day. Her long lashes rested on her cheek, and through the white and transparent eyelids the color of the eyes was faintly perceptible. It was a living portrait of Marian. I gazed on her and felt bewitched. I rose softly, put back the easel, approached and knelt down before her. It seemed that by magic art Marian was before me. All my vain yearnings, all my unsatisfied desires seemed to surge over my soul. I bent my head lower and lower, till my forehead almost touched her folded hands upon her lap. Oh, that I had died then and there! Suddenly she woke, and with an exclamation started to her feet, and with a look, glorified in its ecstasy, held out her hands. Surprise first and then rapture gleamed in her face.

"Do you love me?" she murmured.

I could not subdue the evil spirit within me. I folded her in my arms. I was intoxicated, entranced, delirious. "Mine, mine at last." I was mad, I hope and believe at the moment.

I hushed the voice of conscience. I was acting a lie, but a tempter within me whispered it may become a truth, and this love may overcome the first. This, this may be the consolation time has reserved for me.

The hours passed. Her brother came for her. I dismissed him on the pretext that I would take her in an hour or two as I was just concluding the picture. I could not spare her till it was finished. Yet as the time passed there were sudden and abrupt variations in my manner. She was aware of them, for she once or twice looked at me long and steadfastly as if a doubt had arisen. But it passed. There were also mystic moments of ineffable delight during that day. Her hand stirred in mine with a clinging hold like a little bird which has found its nest.

An idolater whose carved image has replied to his prayer must feel a wondering rapture such as mine at intervals during this strange day.

I took her home. Before getting into my gondola, as we descended the broad stairs of the old palazzo, a man with a huge basket of flowers was ascending them. I took at hap-hazard a bunch. They were tuberoses. I gave them to her. As I did so the man said:—

"Do not give those to the bella signora, they fade more quickly than other flowers."

She smiled, and said to me, "No, no, I like them best;" and then in an undertone, "Does not everything fade, and happiness quickest of all?"

As she held them in her hand, bending her tender face over them, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. The graceful and fragrant flowers, the lovely woman, the rippling water below, the swarthy gondolier, leaning on his oar, awaiting us, and the deep blue sky which framed the whole picture.

We spent an hour or two on the Lagoon. It was late when we returned. I asked her if she would sing to me. I forgot at the moment it was a risk for her. She complied immediately, but unfortunately chose the same Neapolitan air I had heard Marian sing. Those sounds broke the spell forever. I started up with an oath, and almost roughly put my hand before her mouth. She looked shocked.

"Never, never," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Do not ask me. O Marian!—O God!"

I was completely overcome, and burst into tears. The poor girl looked as white as death, and sat as if turned to stone. I slowly recovered, apologized, excused myself as best I might. But I could not undo the impression. We arrived at her house; I assisted her out of the gondola and noticed that, as she got out, she groped with an uncertain step as if she had been struck blind and could not see her way. She would not allow me to accompany her up-stairs; she lived on the highest story. I returned to the boat and looked back; she was standing alone where I had left her. The moon shone on her face; there seemed something strange and menacing in the look.

I went home; I was very angry with myself—angry with Veronica, and I stupefied myself with wine. My conscience accused me, and I could not shake off an impression of impending evil which clung to me and oppressed me like a nightmare.

The next morning I put away my painting; I broke up the easel; I walked up and down the room perplexed and remorseful. My selfishness revolted from the responsibilities which I had brought on myself. What could I do with Veronica?

I was so engrossed with my own thoughts

that I did not observe it was long past the hour she usually came. At four o'clock some one knocked at the door, but instead of Veronica there stood her sister. She was most violently agitated, her eyes swelled and red with weeping.

"Come," she said, in a hoarse angry voice, "a gondola is below,—she wishes to see you."

"Who?"

"Veronica!—you have killed her."

"Good God! what do you mean?"

"I besought you to spare her. I told you how delicate she was. . . ."

"Speak woman, what do you mean?"

"Veronica is dying. She returned home last night shivering with fever; she went to bed; two hours afterwards she called me—blood was on her mouth; I sent for the doctor; he says there is no hope; it is the old complaint; some vein has broken inwardly. She told me she had been singing; she has caught cold; you have destroyed her."

"Come," she added fiercely and quickly, "She wishes to see you,—make haste."

I followed her; I need have no base fears now; Veronica's future was no longer in my hands.

I accompanied her sister to her house; it was a miserable, untidy little apartment, and my heart smote me when I thought what care Veronica must have taken to come daily from such an abode in her spotless neatness. A trifle like this swells the heart sometimes more than a great sacrifice. The tears were in my eyes. We passed into the inner room: on a low bed, drawn into the middle of the small garret, lay Veronica dying. Yes, the death damps were on her brow; the features drawn and livid; the loveliness was changed, and with it the likeness to Marian had faded from the face. The beauty now was nobler, graver, sadder. Death had transfigured it. In her hand was the bunch of tuberose. How corpse-like and withered they looked! She opened her eyes as my step entered the room. I threw myself on my knees beside her. She looked at me quietly, and then spoke slowly and in broken gasps.

"It is all over," she said. "Why did you play this comedy with me?—to me it was life itself—and is now death. . . . It was a fatal game."

"Veronica, forgive me."



I felt she knew, or at least suspected all. By what supernatural intimation I knew not, but the truth had been revealed to her.

"You have had no pity for me," she continued slowly; "you should have told me frankly at first—it would have been the same to you—but, oh! the difference to me! Why let me dream such a foolish dream—but you are so young," she added with a protective, pitying tenderness, more pathetic than reproach or tears; "you did not know what you did. God forgive you as I do." With a sudden motion she turned and raised the tuberoses to her lips. "These flowers are less changed than I am. I am not like her now, am I? You will want me no more," she sighed; and then a faint fleeting smile passed over her face. It was over.

I knew not how I got home again. It was a melancholy scene. The violent and uncontrolled grief of the poor sister—the savage looks and muttered threats of the brother—the prayers of the priest, and that poor insensible form, so deaf and blind to all the

earthly agitation around her. So near yet so far!

What could be done in the way of pecuniary help to the sister I did; she had no repugnance to accept it. She saw how grieved I was, and she attributed the fatal end to cold caught on the Lagoon. I might have been unpardonably careless, but nothing more.

The brother suspected more. A dark red suffused his face as I pressed my offers of service on him as on the rest of the family. He declined with an oath, and as I passed him he drew aside as if my touch was odious to him.

At one time, such an event would have well nigh broken my heart—now, I was unhappy, I cursed fate, thought myself under an evil doom, which entailed guilt upon me without any sin of my own, and that was all. This rebellious bitterness of feeling left a corroding power, which served still further to deteriorate and weaken my already perverted nature.

CRONY.—I have never seen a derivation of this word: but find, in Pepys' *Diary* (30th May, 1665,) he speaks of the death of Jack Cole, "who was a great *chrony* of mine." From the spelling, I should fancy the word to be an abbreviation of chronological—such as Co. for Company; demi-*rep.*, for demi-reputation; mob, for mobile, &c.; and means one of the same time or period. Pepys says he was his school-fellow.

A. A.

—Notes and Queries.

MATERIALS.—When different materials are to be used or compounded to make something—as a pudding or an argument, what is the old English word by which such materials are signified? In our time we have materials, principles, components, elements, constituents, ingredients; but not one of these is English. *Stuff* is an ingredient, but it seems to apply chiefly to cases in which there is but one ingredient; as stuff for a coat or gown. How would a housewife of the time of Elizabeth have signified that she had been out to buy materials for the pudding? "Stuff for the pudding," might have been understood; and no doubt, under the word *garden-stuff*, many different vegetables are

signified. But where is the word that has the distinctive force of *ingredients* in the plum-pudding? This very word is applied by Shakespeare; but the witches, who use it, were engaged, not upon common cookery, but upon what was in those days a scientific process. Perhaps the word was meant to work some terror, as one used by great alchemists and conjurors; if it can be proved to have been a common word, it is an answer to my query. But proof will be wanted.

In recent times the word *makings* has gained a semi-slang currency. This seems to indicate the want of a real English word.

A. DE MORGAN.

—Notes and Queries.

A CHARCOAL pedler who was taken from his cart near Newburyport, the other day, and apparently dead from cold, on being thawed out at a neighboring house, says the *Newburyport Herald*, opened his eyes, and with a confused look, asked if anybody wanted to buy any charcoal. That was probably the last thought in his mind before he lost consciousness, and on coming to himself he commenced just where he left off, and was ready for a bargain.



From Chambers's Journal.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE lives through Dr. Johnson; his plays and his poems have become obsolete, but he was Johnson's associate, and Johnson wrote his life, and placed him amongst his poets. Everybody knows that the doctor had a very tender heart hidden beneath much roughness and pugnacity; that he was resolute as friend and as foe, and that he loved and hated with a fervor unconquerable and unreasonable. His biography of Savage is full of proofs of this temper; the shame of Savage's passionate, thriftless, vicious life he excuses and defends as a fond mother might a scapegrace son; and Savage's own story of his birth and boyhood he received with implicit credence, and diffused to the ends of the earth.

Comrades in poverty, sometimes without home or bed, Johnson and Savage were used to pace the London streets at midnight. Round and round St. James's Square they walked for hours one night, discussing the danger of the nation, penniless, yet brimful of patriotism, and "resolved that they would stand by their country." No wonder, then, that Savage lay very near and dear to a heart like Johnson's.

London streets are thick with like memories of literature in misery, struggle, and success. Many turn into Brook Street, Holborn, to look up at the attic where Chatterton "perished ere his prime;" and passing that house a few doors on the same side, we come to an entry over which is inscribed "Fox Court," in which we are told Richard Savage, son of the Countess of Macclesfield, was born, 16th January, 1697-8. Is this true? Was Richard Savage the son of the Countess of Macclesfield, born in Fox Court? Savage said so, and the world believed his tale. Yet some have suspected its truth, and their suspicions have been justified by the painstaking research of Mr. W. Moy Thomas. Let us relate some of the results of that research.

Ann, Countess of Macclesfield, was the daughter of Sir Richard Mason of Sutton, Surrey, and was married to the Earl of Macclesfield, then Lord Brandon, in 1683. The marriage was an unhappy one; they found their tastes and tempers incompatible; and after a union of only a few months, they separated, she making her sister's

(Lady Brownlowe) house her home. In the course of years, she formed an intimacy with Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, to whom she bore two children, and whose births they concealed with sedulous care, lest they should place her title and fortune in jeopardy. The first, a daughter, born in 1695, was named Ann Savage, after the father and mother, was put out to nurse, and died within a year. Towards the close of 1696, the countess had lodgings taken for her in Fox Court, in which she took up her abode as Madam Smith, a captain's wife, and there, on Saturday, 16th January, 1696-7, was born her second child, a son. On Monday the 18th, he was christened by Isaac Burbridge, the minister of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and entered in the register as Richard, son of John and Mary Smith. There were present at the baptism the nurse, the priest, and his clerk, Lord Rivers, Mr. Newdigate Ousley, and his sister, Miss Dorothy Ousley. Lord Rivers and Mr. Ousley stood godfathers, and Miss Ousley godmother to the babe. Next day, Tuesday, it was taken off to Hampstead to nurse by a Mrs. Peglear, who was told the child's name was Richard Lee.\*

Meanwhile, gossip was busy with the countess' absence from the world, and the earl came to hear what had been going on, and actively bestirred himself to collect evidence. He commenced an action for divorce in the Arches Court, and the Ousleys, godfather and godmother, fled to Aix-la-Chapelle, to escape serving as witnesses. One day in the summer of 1697, Nurse Peglear at Hampstead was visited by Richard Portlock, a baker in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and his wife, who claimed her nursling as their child, and after some altercation, carried it off, and she never saw the infant more. As the Portlocks did not appear as witnesses in the suit, it is supposed they were bribed out of the way, as was attempted with other witnesses. Leaving the suit undetermined in the Arches Court, the earl took his case before Parliament, where a special act of divorce was carried first through the Lords, and finally through the Commons, on the 15th March, 1697-8. The divorce was throughout vigorously opposed

\* *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. 2d series. See also an article in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, New Series, No. 161, as to Savage's worthless character.

by the agents and friends of the countess, who, though she lost her title, had her private fortune restored to her in full.

Dr. Johnson says the countess publicly admitted her intimacy with Lord Rivers, in order to get rid of her husband, and calls her some hard names in consequence. He also sets her son's birth down as subsequent to the commencement of the action for divorce; namely, 16th January, 1697-8. Johnson's information is Savage's, and whenever we quote the one, we quote the other; and these two points are worth nothing, because, whilst the truth concerning them was open and easy, they were content to retail inaccuracies, and therefore we might pertinently say, *ab uno disce omnes*.

The countess, by her divorce reduced to her old name of Ann Mason, was within two years married to Colonel Henry Brett, a member of an old and respectable Gloucestershire family. With him she appears to have led a quiet life until his death in 1714. She lived until October, 1753, and died at her house in Old Bond Street, aged above eighty. Mrs. Brett does not appear to have been a beautiful woman. She is described as of middle size, pretty full in the cheeks, disfigured with small-pox, with thick lips, brownish hair, dark complexion, and little eyes. Colley Cibber, it is said, had so high an opinion of her taste and judgment as to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his *Careless Husband* to Mrs. Brett's revision and correction.

The question now is: What became of the child taken in haste from Hampstead by the Portlocks? Here we are left in the dark. Mr. Moy Thomas supposes that the Portlocks may have been paid to bring up the child as their own, and that it died. In the register of the parish in which they lived, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, amongst the burials, he finds entered "November, 1698, Richard Portlock," which he presumes may be that of the child; but Richard was the name of the baker, Portlock, and it is likely he would call one of his children after himself. It is, however, Mr. Thomas' opinion that the Portlocks were only the agents of the Ousleys in removing the child from Hampstead. The Ousleys had all along made themselves serviceable to Lord Rivers in providing nurses, and looking after his children. They lived in the parish of St.

Martin's, adjoining the Portlocks, and in the register of burials in St. Martin's, about two years after the divorce, is entered "1699—1700—30 Jan., Richard Smith, C."—C. indicating a child. Here is the difficulty. Was this the son of Lord Rivers? Could we ascertain beyond question the fate of that child, Savage's claims would be set at rest. Unfortunately, when Savage appeared on the scene, the Ousleys and Lord Rivers were all dead, and Mrs. Brett may have justly feared that any assertions of hers would be distrusted, and hence have concluded that silence was her best policy.

The earliest notice yet found of the existence of Richard Savage is in 1717, when he published a poem under the following title: "*The Convocation, or a Battle of the Pamphlets, a Poem*." Written by Richard Savage. London, printed for E. Young, at the Angel, near Lincoln's Inn Back Gate, and sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1717." He then took to play-writing, and in 1719 published one, entitled "*Love in a Veil, a Comedy*," as it is acted in the Theatre-royal in Drury Lane, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Earl Rivers. London, printed for E. Curll, etc., 1719." On this title-page Savage made his first public claim of relationship to Lord Rivers, a claim which from thenceforth, with amplification, he lost no opportunity of dinning into all ears. Where had Savage been spending his childhood? Lord Rivers' child vanished from Hampstead in 1697, and if Richard Savage was that child, where had he been during the intervening twenty years?

We have no answer to this inquiry except from Savage himself. No one has left us any particulars of his boyhood: neither playfellows nor old neighbors seem to have risen to claim his acquaintance when he was known as a poet and the talk of the town. His own account of himself appeared in many forms in his lifetime, and Johnson gave it a world-wide currency in his memoir, but it was loose and variable; though credulously accepted, no one appears to have tested it; and when we now examine his statements, we are bewildered in contradictions and improbabilities.

Savage said he had been brought up by a nurse, who received orders from his mother to treat him as her own child, and to keep

from him all knowledge of his real parents ; which directions she faithfully followed, so that until her death he bore her name, and knew of his right to no other. During these years he was tenderly protected by his grandmother, Lady Mason, and by his godmother, Miss Ousely, whom he calls Mrs. Lloyd, who guarded him "as tenderly as the apple of her eye," and whom he describes as "a lady who kept her chariot, and lived accordingly. But, alas ! I lost her when I was but seven years of age." By the direction of Lady Mason, he had been placed at a small grammar-school at or near St. Albans. His mother, Mrs. Brett, had made an attempt to ship him secretly off to the American plantations, but by some means failed. She then had him placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, with the purpose of apprenticing him to his trade. When about seventeen, his nurse died, and he, as her son, went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found a letter written to her by Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reason for which it was concealed ; whereon he refused to be a shoemaker, claimed a share in Mrs. Brett's affluence, was repulsed and denied by her, and then took to authorship for a livelihood.

As we examine this story in detail, we find how indefinite, unlikely, and, in some respects, manifestly untrue it is. Where did his nurse reside, and what was her name which he bore ? Writing long afterwards in 1739, to the learned Miss Elizabeth Carter, he says : "That I did pass under another name till I was seventeen years of age is truth, but not the name of any person with whom I lived." Whilst thus backing out of an early statement, he takes care neither to give his nurse's name nor his own. Was his Richard Smith, or Lee, or Portlock ? Nothing that he could leave vague did he fix. His nurse, his home, his haunts, his companions, we have not one certain word about. The grammar-school he said he attended, and the name of his master, are unknown. These are references which a man with honest claims would have given in fulness and with precision, but to which a clever pretender would avoid committing himself. We need not waste one word over the incredible correspondence of Lady Mason with the nurse, for Savage himself obliterates

it in his letter of 1739 to Miss Carter, in which he declares "the mean nurse" to be "quite a fictitious character." Yet giving up the nurse is about equivalent to giving up Savage as the earl's son. He had boasted of possessing "convincing original letters" found in the boxes of his nurse ; but if the nurse is a fiction, so are her boxes and the letters in them. "Convincing original letters," however obtained, Savage never produced. He was always ravenous for money to gratify his vicious propensities, and could at any time have obtained some guineas from publisher Curll for his documents ; and though he wanted neither delicacy to restrain, nor spite to prompt their publication, yet never a scrap of Lady Mason's writing did he give to the world. In fact, neither by writings nor by witnesses, did Savage's claims ever receive the slightest sanction ; beyond his own assertions, they never met with any support.

Miss Ousely, Savage's godmother, transformed by marriage or his fancy into Mrs. Lloyd, died, he said, when he was seven years old, leaving him a legacy of £300, of which he was defrauded by her executors. When did this fact come to his knowledge ? Who were the fraudulent executors ? Savage was not used to conceal the names of his enemies ; why did he hide theirs ? The Ousleys were a numerous and thriving family and they were surely amenable to justice. Newdigate Ousley, his godfather, did not die until 1714, and he and Lady Mason would not surely see the child wronged. But Savage appears to have been in utter ignorance of the name of the Ousleys ; and yet he tells Miss Carter that, "in a letter of Mrs. Lloyd's, a copy of which I found many years after her decease," he found the comparison of her love for him as "the apple of her eye." If he was allowed to ransack his godmother's papers, he must have known the Ousleys ; and if he knew them, he could scarcely have failed to plague them terribly for the £300 left to him. We fear "Mrs. Lloyd, the godmother, who kept a chariot and lived accordingly," was to Savage what Mrs. Harris was to Sairey Gamp.

Savage must have been to Mrs. Brett a cruel visitation. Colonel Brett was dead ; she was a widow with a daughter arrived at womanhood, and in the long years that had intervened might reasonably have hoped

that the memories of her earlier life were lapsing into oblivion, when Savage raked them out, and blazoned them with aggravations before the world. On such a theme and with such a man controversy was for her impossible; and she was content to oppose to his outcries a silence alike courageous and discreet. At first, his approaches were made with some attempt at wheedling. In a letter to *The Plain Dealer*, he writes of her as "a mother whose fine qualities make it impossible to me not to forgive her, even while I am miserable by her means only;" and describes her as one who, "in direct opposition to the impulse of her natural compassion, upon mistaken motives of a false delicacy, shut her memory against *his wants*;" and again in some verses in the same magazine mentions her:—

"Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes  
The softest, tenderest breast that pity knows!  
Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,  
And her soul melts at every woe—but mine."

But Mrs. Brett was not to be beguiled by these soft speeches. Savage haunted her neighborhood. "It was his frequent practice," says Johnson, "to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand." It was to no purpose that he wrote to her and solicited to see her; she avoided him with the greatest care, and gave orders that he should be excluded from her house by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it. One evening, finding the street-door open, he slipped in, went up-stairs, and accosted her in the passage. She, in a very natural and feminine style, screamed "Murder," and ordered her servants to turn him out of the house.

Matters came to a climax in 1728. Savage in a tavern brawl killed a man, was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung. Now commenced a stir indeed. Hang a poet, and an earl's son withal! A short account of his life was drawn up, telling the story of his birth, and the heartlessness and wickedness of his mother, and it circulated by thousands. The Countess of Hertford laid the piteous tale before the queen, who won from the king a pardon, and Savage

was set free on 9th March, 1728. His rage against Mrs. Brett now knew no bounds. As everybody credited his story, he appears to have at length believed it in earnest himself. His charges against her became intensified in malignity; and he said she had interfered to prevent the king's mercy, and to have him hanged. He therefore resolved to harass her with lampoons until she allowed him a pension. In pursuance of this dastardly threat, he published his poem, entitled *The Bastard*, in which he versified his wretchedness and Mrs. Brett's inhumanity, which passed through five editions in the course of the year.

At this juncture, Lord Tyrconnel, a nephew of Mrs. Brett, interposed; whether he wished to relieve his aunt from her persecutor, or to possess a live poet for himself, he offered Savage a home in his own house, and an allowance of £200 per annum, which Savage with readiness accepted, and sung his patron's praise, and dedicated to him his verses. At last, Savage's habits wore out Tyrconnel's patience; he kept outrageous hours, turned his house into a tavern, and Tyrconnel found works he had presented to Savage on the book-stalls, sold by him to purchase drink. In 1735, he revoked his pension, and sent him adrift, whereon he was addressed and defied by Savage as a "Right Honorable Brute and Booby," and told that he had cut his poet because he was hard up, and did not like paying £200 a year.

Begging, drinking, brawling, Savage now led a more wretched life than ever. Moved with pity, some of his friends subscribed £50 a year, of which Pope contributed £20 to keep him in rural economy at Swansea. With difficulty he was got out of London in July, 1739. Unfortunately, Bristol lay in the route to Swansea, and some of its literary citizens feasted the poet, and by their gifts enabled him to renew his dissipated London habits. After wearying and disgusting them, he reached Swansea in September, 1742, which, as was to be expected, was a place not at all to his taste, and he set out for London, taking Bristol on his way. There his journey was cut short by a Mrs. Read, who had him arrested for a trifling debt; and after spending six months in the Newgate of Bristol, he died in that prison on the 31st July, 1743.

In February, 1744, Johnson published his



*Life of Savage.* The book affords a fine study of the method and temper of Johnson's own mind. He conceals nothing about Savage known to himself, and he repeats all Savage's tales about his birth and the conduct of Mrs. Brett in implicit faith. Johnson is at once credulous and truthful, and his tenderness for the comrade of his poverty shut his eyes to the utter meanness of Savage's character, and closed his ears to the despicable whine of a full-grown, able-bodied man for money and a mother! Savage's persecution of Mrs. Brett he aids and

abets in a style Savage never equalled, pursuing her as an unnatural monster through page after page with all those trenchant epithets of reprobation of which he was master. Mrs. Brett, poor old lady, lived to read Johnson's curses for ten years.

As Savage's story is questioned more and more closely, still further inconsistencies are revealed. From the facts already adduced, many will readily coincide with Mr. Thomas in his conclusion: "I have not, I confess, any doubt that Richard Savage was an impostor."

**FAMILIES WHO TRACE FROM SAXON TIMES.**—I have occasionally heard of men of the yeoman or farmer class, whose families have held the same lands since the times before the Conquest, and I was told lately of an instance in Berkshire.

It would be interesting to ascertain the number of them in every county, their names, the tenure by which they have continued to hold their lands, and the nature of their proofs of genuine descent.

The descendants of the Norman followers of William, upstarts as they were according to Thierry in his "History of the Conquest," must yield precedence in antiquity to the old Saxon, and drop the "De," which many are so proud to prefix to their names with very little claim to the distinction.

A Saxon landholder of those days, being stripped of his property, fell into obscurity, and was thus saved from the fate of their conquerors, who suffered from the effects of many revolutions among themselves, as, I believe, that few, if any of the Norman chiefs left more than their names to their successors after the lapse of two centuries; but on this point I am not qualified to give an opinion, not having access to reliable authorities.

Charles II. is reported to have said of an old Saxon family, that they must have been fools or very wise not to have added to their property nor lost it.

SASSENACH.

—*Notes and Queries.*

**"GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE."**—Everybody that has visited Chester must have seen "God's Providence House," in Water-gate Street,—one of those curious gable-fronted, timber houses, for which Chester is so remarkable.

"Tradition avers that this house was the only one in the City that escaped the Plague which ravaged the City during the seventeenth century. In gratitude for that deliverance, the

owner of the House is said to have carved upon the front these words:—

"1652. GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE. 1652."\*

I remember being much struck with this quaint and interesting, but decayed old mansion, when I first visited Chester in 1851. As I read the beautiful motto carved on the cross-beam, it occurred to me that it was possibly derived from some old version of the 16th Psalm, verse 6—"The Lord Himself is the portion of mine inheritance. . . Thou shalt maintain my lot." But the poor old House no longer affords a bright picture of the Providence of God, as doubtless it once did in its palmy days; it can no longer take up the next verse and say—"The lot has fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage;" it now looks sordid and degraded, uncared for, and gloomy,—in a word, *Disinherited*; and affords us a striking emblem of God's ancient people Israel, in their present forlorn and outcast state. And yet it was once a stately mansion, and the armorial bearings of its original owner are still to be seen carved on one of its beams. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi! Ichabod! The glory is departed! This might be its motto and inscription now.*

I was reminded of this old house and its inscription the other day, by meeting with the following passage in Bishop Burnet's Sermon, preached Jan. 7, 1691, at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle:—

"I will say nothing of the Stem from which he sprang; that watered garden, watered with the blessings and dew of Heaven, as well as fed with the best portions of this life; that has produced so many noble plants, and has stocked the most families in these kingdoms, of any in our age; which has so signally felt the effects of their humble and Christian Motto, God's PROVIDENCE IS MY INHERITANCE."

When did the Boyle family assume this motto?—*Notes and Queries.*

\* From Mr. Hughes' valuable *Handbook to Chester.*



From The Eclectic Review.

SATIRE AND SATIRISTS: MR. THACKERAY.\*

THE two volumes we introduce are no doubt well-known to our readers already, through the pages of *The Cornhill Magazine*. To many of our readers "The Georges" may be well-known also in its original form of lectures, delivered with great success in many parts of Great Britain and America. These volumes cannot enhance their author's fame. They contain many admirable touches of his peculiar manner and genius. Mr. Thackeray only needs the addition of geniality to give to him universal acceptance. He is a severe censor—perhaps he deserves to be called a cynical censor—but he often teaches noble and elevating lessons; and we trust that the multitudes who enjoy his sketches of society, will accept the lessons conveyed in the pages of "The Four Georges." This volume, while perhaps it scarcely reaches the level of the lectures on "The Humorists," is of the same order. It is a most vivid picture of the state of English society in several periods of its later history. It is not history, but it is historical costume; and the many who delight rather to realize historical life from the costume than to know it from either philosophy or narrative, will find in this volume a most pleasant and healthy book. It has very much of that kind of charm which is so delightful in the letters of Horace Walpole—plenty of anecdote and epigram, and touches which make the picture start before the eye. The book is human, broad, and truthful. Our readers will be glad to see how heartily Mr. Thackeray stands by the progress of society; and young men and Christian men will hail these as words spoken in the right direction. We venture to think that Young Men's Christian Associations would do good to attempt to secure and to encourage more of that teaching on their platforms belonging to the order of these lectures. Here is a picture, which will be appreciated by our readers, of

THE COURT OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

"I read that Lady Yarmouth (my most religious and gracious king's favorite) sold a bishopric to a clergyman for £5,000. (She betted him £5,000 that he would not be made a bishop, and he lost, and paid her.) Was he the only prelate of his time led up by such hands for consecration? As I peep into George II.'s St. James's, I see crowds of cassocks rustling up the back-stairs of the ladies of the Court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment? Whilst the chaplain is preaching the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud that the clergyman—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote *Night Thoughts*, and discoursed on the splendors of the stars, the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him! No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No wonder that sceptics multiplied and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitfield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hillside. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling thorough their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society—at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this Court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old-world follies and some absurd ceremonials about our Court of the present day, which I laugh at, but as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James's passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the good mother; the good wife; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows."

- \* 1. *The Four Georges: Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, and Town Life*. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Lectures on the English Humorists," etc., etc. Smith & Elder. 1861.
2. *Lovel the Widower*. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," etc. Smith & Elder. 1861.

And here is a portrait of a courtly clergyman of the reign of George III., one of those men who are the very gardeners and arboriculturists of infidelity, as Mr. Thackeray evidently thinks:—

"Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Dr. Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth, never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away; all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he revelled, played out; all the rouged faces into which he leered, worms and skulls; all the fine gentlemen whose shoebuckles he kissed, laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn's errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman's proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensbury—old Q.—and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home 'after a hard day's christening,' as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thoughts of ox-cheek and burgundy,—he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite, licks his master's shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much as the best claret in old Q.'s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers' ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly; kindly and good-natured in secret—a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lick-spittle. Jesse says, that at his chapel in Long Acre, 'he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery.' Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air?"

The writer reserves the full fruition of his contempt—the subject of it does not deserve or receive the dignity of hate or scorn—for George IV. "Yon fribble, dancing in lace and spangles." "He the first gentleman in Europe! Without love, I can fancy no gentleman. There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day, than that they admired George." "Here was one who never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furniture-mongers, and opera-dancers." "The boy is father of the man. Our prince signalized his entrance into the world by a

feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoe-buckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad." "That man's opinions about the Constitution, the India Bill, Justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth anything!" Here is a portrait, or what may pass for such, of our recent royal Sybarite and English Heliogabalus more at length.

"The sailor king who came after George, was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper: some bookseller's clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling, cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slip-slop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality: the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor's work; there may be something behind, but what? We cannot get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unsuath and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game."

The following anecdotes, too, are well told, and give a fine insight to the royalties of the monarch. We present them in succession.

#### GEORGE THE FOURTH AND THE RING.

"So is another famous British institution gone to decay—the Ring: the noble practice of British boxing, which in my youth was still almost flourishing.

"The prince, in his early days, was a great patron of this national sport, as his grand-uncle Culloden Cumberland had been before him; but, being present at a fight at Brighton, where one of the combatants was killed, the prince pensioned the boxer's widow, and declared he never would attend another battle. 'But, nevertheless,'—I read in the noble language of Pierce Egan (whose smaller work on Pugilism I have the honor to possess),—'he thought it a manly and decided English feature, which ought not to be destroyed. His majesty had a drawing of the sporting characters in the Fives' Court placed in his boudoir, to remind him of his former attachment and support of true courage; and when any fight of note occurred after he was king, accounts of it were read to him by his desire.' That gives one a fine image of a king taking his recreation;—at ease in a royal dressing-gown; too majestic to read himself, ordering the prime minister to read him accounts of battles: how Cribb punched Molyneux's eye, or Jack Randall thrashed the Game Chicken."

#### GEORGE THE FOURTH AND CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

"The time came when George IV. was pressed too upon the Catholic claims: the cautious Peel had slipped over to that side; the grim old Wellington had joined it; and Peel tells us, in his 'Memoirs,' what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the honor, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it!) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and allowing them to have their way. Then his majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's 'Memoirs.' He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor; cried, whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together? I can't fancy a behavior more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a defender of the faith! This a chief in the crisis of a great nation! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges!"

Our readers will perceive from these extracts that we have not estimated too highly this pleasant and very healthy book, in which,

because the satirist lashes vice so heartily, the reader must not suppose there is not, therefore, a hearty appreciation of truth and virtue,—the contrasts of the mock gentleman and mock majesty with Reginald Heber, Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and Cuthbert Collingwood, are affecting and admirable. Some of the little glimpses of personal anecdote are very delightful—of the author's intimacy with Miss Berry, of a vision he once had of the first Napoleon. No doubt the preparation of these lectures was easy work to the author, but they are lectures which could only be prepared by a man accustomed to higher aims and higher work. The very quiet manner in which the writer indulges, from which the sins and shames of the Fourth George arouse him, contains many traits of that firm, concentrated, and effective force abounding in his larger works, the combination of all that is stinging in sarcasm, provoking in humor and banter, and perfect in style. Is it desirable to have our eyes opened to the ludicrous side of life? Is it desirable to be enlightened to the knowledge of the incongruous and inconsistent in human existence? Is it desirable to be able to see all the little ways and little tricks of little men, and all the same littlenesses as they exist in greater men? The laughable side of life, the morbid, one-sided development, the caricaturing spirit of stupidity or of falsehood. Is not this what the wit of the highest order and the humorist have been perpetually engaged in noting? "This comes of walking on the earth," said the Hidalgo of Spain as he fell on the ground. The Thackerays pick up these developments, and they use them to some purpose. "A conservative," said Douglas Jerrold, "is a man who will not look at the new moon out of respect to that ancient constitution the old moon." No, we think we shall not be long disposed to object to the Hogarths any more than to the Wilkies in the world of letters. These men, whose eyes are open, behold in all things, even the very meanest, a moral analogy, and use it. The little poker we use by our family fireside is not a dignified article, but Douglas Jerrold, as he sees the two by the fire, the poker for use and the poker for show, sees with his shrewd eye a likeness to the two orders of society, and he says in his sharp, caustic way, "Be a bright poker, my

boy, not black, not begrimed or soiled, but standing by the fire doing nothing."

It is very long now since the world commenced its lessons in satire. To cure a folly satirize it, has long been a standing receipt in social usage, and it pleads the sanction of some very venerable and classical names. *Wrath revealing itself by laughter* is a strange spectacle, but it has not been an uncommon one in the course of the world's history and literature. Men whose spirits have been passionately moved by the spectacle of the world's disarray, have often been stirred to a speech which has shivered itself out in a thousand mirth-provoking images, even as the expression of the human face in the deepest humor is the nearest we know to its resemblance when smitten with the most excruciating pain.

Wrath revealed itself by laughter in the pages of old Aristophanes, in the croaking of the frogs on the lake, in the basket in which Socrates was elevated before the eyes of the auditors of the Athenic theatre. And that laughter of the old Grecian comedian shows us, too, that frequently the laughter in which men may indulge results not from the highest wisdom; or it is at any rate a wisdom born of hate and contempt. How superciliously he looks upon and grunts and croaks at the words and abstractions of the Grecian sage, the wisest and the highest of his country, the greatest of his time. How poorly shows the laughter of the comic poet beside the repose of the philosopher. Wrath revealed itself by laughter in the pages of old Rabelais. The less we say the better every way about that same great apostle of truth and filthiness. But there is, it should seem, no doubt that in all those grotesque and abnormal creations he was striking at the immense and colossal sins and shames of his age. To him must have been ever present the sad sight of a disjointed world, of the most noble and beautiful on the rack of time, of the motley medley of kings and priests and popes and statesmen, until the whole became at once concrete and abstract to him, and he burst into a howl of savage, and yet not un instructive laughter, which has echoed from his day to ours.

*Contempt also reveals itself by laughter*; in the degree in which the incongruity is felt to be powerful and colossal above us—a tremendous engine threatening to crush us, our

revenge and laughter seeks their adequate expression in *wrath*. For, as we said, wrath can laugh—a savage grin—a pasquinade—a torrent or a storm of sad meriment secreted behind the gay curtains of Gargantuan and Panurgic fancy; even as we hear the thunders—the mimic thunders—and watch the mimic lightnings which may roll or gleam to our ears or eyes from behind the painted scene of the theatre. But when the thing is beneath us, when that which provokes our ire provokes also our contempt—when the fly on the chariot-wheel will say, "What a dust I kick up!" or when the gnat will apologise to the elephant for adding so materially to his burden by riding on his ear—when little men strut across the stage dressed in stage properties, but insisting on it that they are not mimic but real sovereigns—then, instead of wrath, the feeling is contempt. And no writer we know of so much as Thackeray justifies the definition of laughter given by Hobbes—that it is *self-satisfied contempt*. Indeed, there is much in all laughter to justify that opinion. All our great humorists seem to indulge in the same complacent sneer at human infirmity—the same self-pluming gratification at their neighbors' sins. But Mr. Thackeray especially seems to affect the Cambyases vein. He never goes off in raptures. You never catch him in a passion. There is nothing about him that looks as belonging to the ordinary infirmities of mankind. He cannot even afford to curl his lip into a sneer. He does not even indulge in laughter: it is ludicrous contempt, and nothing more. He is so well behaved; he always puts on white kid gloves when he is about to take in hand the scourge for some poor unfortunate. He calls you a disreputable rascal, and accompanies the smart characterization by an oath; but then he most gracefully begs your pardon for apparent impetuosity. He delivers you a challenge; he declares he is under the necessity of blowing your brains out; but then he folds the challenge in best scented and rose-pink paper, and delivers it with a bow. He stands devotedly by the proprieties of life. One sees plainly enough that he is always laughing at us, but he never violates the order of good society.

Will any reader tell us he has ever been greatly bettered by the reading of any of Mr. Thackeray's books? There is very lit-



the imitable goodness in them. He paints us pictures, and men too, near our own level; and we know well that that results, as a great teacher (himself an illustration of it) has said, in reducing us beneath our level. Men must be painted *better* than they are, if we expect them to feel as they should feel. Thackeray never idealizes, never rises beyond the level of routine society or routine morality. In reading, we never have occasion to look up. There is nothing above us. There is nothing to worship. Thackeray sees a humorous, a satiric side to all things. This constitutes the defect, and the unhealthy aspect of all his smaller works, and it is the cause of all that indifference which spreads like a mist over all his larger works. He turns all things into satire. He laughs at everybody and everything. All books, men, societies, are the subjects of fun. This is not healthy. In all his minor writings certainly you breathe nothing but nitric oxide, and it is not the atmosphere to inflate healthily human lungs. To see wherever the eye rests some grotesque and sneering countenance—to know or to imagine that all things minister only to ludicrous purposes;—this is not the best picture gallery—this is not likely to give noble purpose and aim and intention to life. Laughter should be the dessert, not the dinner. It should be the luxury of life, not its necessity. We should drink it as sparingly as champagne, not as regularly as water. Laughter is capital taken as a tonic, but it is not a good aliment. It will admirably rouse attention, but then it will also pall attention. It is good for an occasion, it is evil for a continuance. Perhaps in his affecting story of Colonel Snobley we are to perceive something of his own style of warfare:—

“When I was taking the waters at Bag-nidge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustachios; he lisped, drawled, and left the “r’s” out of his words; he was always flourishing about, and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odor of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either

he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first*; then I handed him the paper; then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily, and— and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

“Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent. who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?”

Thackeray is a cynic certainly, but not of the order of Timon. He does not bark or growl or bite. He walks through “Vanity Fair,” and sniffs contemptuously. He is scarcely the kind of cynic the apostle had in view when he said, “Beware of dogs;” and indeed there is far less of the cynical temper in his later productions. Still the same air of cool, self-satisfied contempt is here in the volume lying before us. “Lovel the Widower” is a little portrait of

## A MUFF.

“The principal personage you may very likely think to be no better than a muff. But is many a respectable man of our acquaintance much better? and do muffs know that they are what they are, or knowing it, are they unhappy? Do girls decline to marry one if he is rich? Do we refuse to dine with one? I listened to one at church last Sunday, with all the women crying and sobbing; and O dear me! how finely he preached! Don’t we give him great credit for wisdom and eloquence in the House of Commons? Don’t we give him important commands in the army? Can you, or can you not, point out one who has been made a peer? Doesn’t your wife call one in the moment any of the children are ill? Don’t we read his dear poems, or even novels? Yes; perhaps even this one is read and written by—Well? *Quid rides?* Do you mean that I am painting a portrait which hangs before me every morning in the looking-glass when I am shaving? *Après?* Do you suppose that I suppose that I have not infirmities like my neighbors? Am I weak? It is notorious to all my friends there is a certain dish I can’t resist; no, not if I have already eaten twice too much at dinner. So, dear sir, or madam, have *you* your weakness—*your* irresistible dish of temptation? (or if you don’t know it, your friends do).”



The whole of the volume of "The Book of Snobs" is a series of these cynical sketches. Witness, for instance, the

#### TRAGEDY OF THE SILVER FORK.

"For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley, viz., the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the Europa coffee-house (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

"After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honorable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in no wise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honor, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

"Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do? . . .

"The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

"We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

"What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like

any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi—his lending me the £1,700. I almost burst into tears with joy, my voice trembled with emotion. 'George, my boy!' I exclaimed, 'George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!'

"Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, '*Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*' I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

"We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas, and only used two-pronged forks; and it was only by living on the Continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

"In this point—and in this only—I confess myself a member of the Silver Fork School, and if this tale but induce one of my readers to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly, and ask, '*Do or do I not eat peas with a knife?*'—to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be who contribute to this miscellany, I flatter myself it will be allowed that I, at least, am a moral man.

"By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders."

This coolness and audacity of our writer constitutes with many the attraction of his style. He is eminently the censor of our times and our age—a well-behaved and well-dressed Diogenes of letters; but he always produces the feeling that his eye, and perhaps his eye-glass, are awkwardly and suspiciously fixed upon us. Professed satirist as he is, we believe no satirist in the history of English literature has used his powers so well and innocently. We may demur to many of his views of human life; but who does not admire the thoroughness with which

he lays bare the vices and sins of modern society?

Thackeray is the genius of "Vanity Fair." In this he is very unlike his great ancestor Fielding. All that he seems to know really of life is a kind of high life, and if low life, only as it has a relation to high life. He seldom steps from the houses of the great; perhaps if he did he would believe more in human reality. But he does not see anything out of Vanity Fair. The Great Gaunt House, the residence of the Marquis of Stein, is in Vanity Fair, and so is the residence of old Osborne, in Russell Square, and so is the crowded house of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley; the old Earl of Bareacres, Sir Pitt Crawley, Sen., and Sir Pitt Crawley, Jun.; the vanity of the coarse old miser, and of the weak and Empty Pharisee, and "The Book of Snobs" is a treatise on the morality of Vanity Fair. "Pendennis" is Vanity Fair, and the "Newcomes" more truly so,—vanity of vanities, this is his constant cry; he is the painter of Vanity Fair. How little of nature; no raptures does he indulge in, either on nature or on art. No writer so reminds one of the council of the old Master "Never admire"—

"Propre res est una,  
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum."

Here in these books you see no great passions; no, their greatness consists in their lying so near to our own most ordinary level. Here are no great questions; few great events, and those frequently made to look mean;—no great persons, it is just Vanity Fair. Love, the great event of life, is Vanity Fair too. Is it not so in the history of Amelia, the poor victim of an affection fastened on a shapeless shadow; or of Pendennis, the enamored of an empty actress; while Laura and Dobbin look like the victims of Vanity Fair? Trade is Vanity Fair. Poor old Sedley and coarse old Osborne are both made to tell this truth, the one in disappointed pride, the other in disappointed hopes; this also is vanity. The most beautiful of Thackeray's stories, the only one which can be called beautiful, is "Esmond," full of tender and touching things and scenes, in which also we are brought near to pleasant glimpses of country life. An honest, noble book; but with its sad pictures of disappointment, of domestic misery, and

fading hopes, or hopes realized only in the withered leaf. We say this also is vanity.

But the views of life to be true and healthy must be circular, inclusive. A view of life and character may be very real so far as it goes. A piece of coal is very real, but it does not illustrate the nature of gold, still less does it illustrate the shape and the proportions of the world. The study of a nettle is very good, and as we pluck or gather it with some care, and it lies on our study table, it is very curious and interesting; but it does not illustrate the nature of the oak, still less does it illustrate the extent and variety of the vegetable kingdom. Thus it is in the world of letters, and especially the world of fiction. Characters true and most real in themselves do not illustrate other characters; and if the painter only gives to us a hint of that which he has desired and delighted to observe and to paint, excluding all regard to other portraits and impressions, why it must follow that all other eulogies on the author's reality do not amount to an eulogy on his universality and the justice of his impressions. Thackeray we hold to be an eminently real writer. His knowledge of the character he determines to depict is almost profound. He is most actual in his delineations, but his range is circumscribed. The life he beholds and inspects is of course the life he has led and seen. His pictures are as real as any house in Fleet Street, the Piccadilly, and Strand; but we will not, therefore, say "Such is Life." The cottage in the glen, the houses of the village are just as real; but he has no disposition to see them, or if he sees them, it is through the spectacles purchased in Regent Street. We must not confound, we say, reality with universality, and suppose because we are admiring a specimen of the dragon fly, that we are, therefore, to deny that there is such a being as a bird of paradise or a humming bird. It seems to us that the readers of Mr. Thackeray are constantly falling into this error, and confounding truth of detail with truth of doctrine.

The pathos of Thackeray is like all else he touches or writes; it is fine—it is mournful, but it is full of mourning, over human forgetfulness and faithlessness, we have frequently the most true and amiable sentiments, but they are ever the same perpetually recurring elegies on human truth and reality.

Mingled with every grief, he sees the bitter one of selfishness—the sorrow would not move by itself, it is born of the miserable condition of the mourner. Has he a thought that a deep, fervid, and unselfish sincerity may be the central spring and fountain of many tears? or does he submit human tears to trial in the hard alembic of his own mind, and console himself for the grief he cannot but perceive by finding that a tear is composed of so many grains of sympathy, with so many scruples of disappointed self-will, and so many scruples of disappointed self-love? Does he behold anything in a tear holier than this? Perhaps it is also very clear that he does not think so much of tears; are they to him the best proofs of the dignity of our race? or may a man get through the world without shedding any of them, and so be the best representative of true chivalry and knighthood—hard and bright as steel? We will not now say that it is so with our author; we believe we have perceived a growing gentleness and sympathy in his writings—a growing geniality; he does not add to the great illustrations of his power—nothing adds to the conception of that as given to us in “Vanity Fair;” but even there we have illustrations of pathos of the highest order. We have often thought of the following as one of the most touching and effective pieces of writing in our literature:—

IN WHICH TWO LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT.

“There came a day when the round of decorous pleasures and solemn gayeties in which Mr. Jos. Sedley’s family indulged, was interrupted by an event which happens in most houses. As you ascend the staircase of your house from the drawing towards the bed-room floors, you may have remarked a little arch in the wall right before you, which at once gives light to the stair which leads from the second story to the third (where the nursery and servants’ chambers commonly are) and serves for another purpose of utility, of which the undertaker’s men can give you a notion. They rest the coffins upon that arch, or pass them through it so as not to disturb in any unseemly manner the cold tenant slumbering within the black arch.

“That second-floor arch in a London house, looking up and down the well of the staircase, and commanding the main thoroughfare by which the inhabitants are passing; by which cook lurks down before daylight to scour her pots and pans in the kitchen; by which young master stealthily ascends, having left his boots in the hall, and

let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the Club; down which miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and the ball; or master Tommy slides, preferring the banisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair; down which the mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband’s arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down-stairs; up which John lurks to bed, yawning with a sputtering tallow candle, and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages;—that stair, up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshalled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick-room, and the undertaker’s men to the upper floor—what a memento of Life, Death, and Vanity it is—that arch and stair—if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down the well! The doctor will come up to us too for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice—and then she will fling open the windows for a little, and let in the air. Then they will pull down all the front blinds of the house and live in the back rooms—then they will send for the lawyer and other men in black, etc.—Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, O how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the post-ure-making. If we are gentlefolks they will put hatchments over our late domicile, with gilt cherubim, and mottoes stating that there is ‘Quiet in Heaven.’ Your son will new furnish the house, or perhaps let it, and go into a more modern quarter; your name will be among the ‘Members Deceased,’ in the lists of your clubs next year. However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made—the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner—the survivors will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantel-piece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honor, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

“Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored? Those who love the survivors the least, I believe. The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant which scarce knew you, which a week’s absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than the loss of your closest friend, or your first-born son—a man grown like yourself, with children

of his own. We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon—our love and pity gushes out for Benjamin, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be or shall be—old and rich, or old and poor—you may one day be thinking for yourself—‘These people are very good round about me; but they won’t grieve too much when I am gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance—or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me.’

“The period of mourning for Mrs. Sedley’s death was only just concluded, and Jos scarcely had had time to cast off his black and appear in the splendid waistcoats which he loved, when it became evident to those about Mr. Sedley that another event was at hand, and that the old man was about to go seek for his wife in the dark land whither she had preceded him.”

“Perhaps as he was lying awake then, his life may have passed before him—his early hopeful struggles, his manly successes and prosperity, his downfall in his declining years, and his present helpless condition—no chance of revenge against Fortune, which had had the better of him—neither name nor money to bequeath—a spent-out, bootless life of defeat and disappointment, and the end here! Which, I wonder, brother reader, is the better lot, to die prosperous and famous, or poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling when a day of our life comes and we say, ‘*To-morrow*, success or failure won’t matter much: and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil.’

“So there came one morning and sunrise, when all the world got up and set about its various works and pleasures, with the exception of old Joseph Sedley, who was not to fight with fortune, or to hope or scheme any more: but to go and take up a quiet and utterly unknown residence in a churchyard at Brompton by the side of his old wife.

“Major Dobbin, Jos, and Georgey followed his remains to the grave, in a black cloth coach. Jos came on purpose from the Star and Garter at Richmond, whither he retreated after the deplorable event. He did not care to remain in the house, with the—under the circumstances, you understand.

But Emmy staid and did her duty as usual. She was bowed down by no especial grief, and rather solemn than sorrowful. She prayed that her own end might be as calm and painless, and thought with trust and reverence of the words which she had heard from her father during his illness, indicative of his faith, his resignation, and his future hope.

“Yes, I think that will be the better ending of the two, after all. Suppose you are particularly rich and well-to-do, and say on that last day, ‘I am very rich; I am tolerably well known; I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank Heaven, come of a most respectable family. I have served my King and country with honor. I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received. I don’t owe any man a shilling: on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Jack Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors will not press him. I leave my daughters with ten thousand pounds apiece—very good portions for girls: I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker Street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds, and my cellar of well-selected wine in Baker Street, to my son. I leave twenty pounds a year to my valet; and I defy any man after I am gone to find anything against my character.’ Or suppose, on the other hand, your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say, ‘I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and have made an utter failure through life. I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune: and confess that I have committed a hundred mistakes and blunders. I own to having forgotten my duty many a time. I can’t pay what I owe. On my last bed I lie utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself with a contrite heart, at the feet of the Divine Mercy.’ Which of these two speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last; and in that humble frame of mind, and holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sank away from under him.”

This is perfectly beautiful and true, and good; would that our author would give to us more scenes and soliloquies like it!

## LULLABY.

BY E. JEFFERSON CUTLER.

Now the twilight shadows flit ;  
 Now the evening lamp is lit ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Little head on mother's arm,  
 She will keep him safe from harm—  
 Keep him safe and fold him warm ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !

Baby's father, far away,  
 Thinks of him at shut of day ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 He must guard the sleeping camp,  
 Harkening, in the cold and damp,  
 For the foeman's stealthy tramp ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep.

He can hear the lullaby,  
 He can see the laughing eye ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 And he knows, though we are dumb  
 How we long to have him come  
 Back to baby, mother, home ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !

Now the eyes are closing up ;  
 Let their little curtains drop ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !  
 Softly on his father's bed  
 Mother lays her baby's head ;  
 There, until the night be fled,  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !

God, who driest the widow's tears,  
 God who calmest the orphan's fears,  
     Guard baby's sleep !  
 Shield the father in the fray ;  
 Help the mother wait and pray ;  
 Keep us all, by night and day ;  
     Sleep, baby, sleep !

—Only Once.

## THE SHADOWS.

My little boy, with pale, round cheeks,  
 And large, brown, dreamy eyes,  
 Not often, little wisehead, speaks,  
 But yet will make replies.

His sister, always glad to show  
 Her knowledge, for its praise,  
 Said yesterday, "God's here, you know ;  
 He's everywhere, always.

"He's in this room." His large, brown eyes  
 Went wandering round for God ;  
 In vain he looks, in vain he tries,  
 His wits are all abroad.

"He's not here, mamma ? No, no ;  
 I do not see him at all.  
 He's not the shadows, is he ?" So  
 His doubtful accents fall—

Fall on my heart like precious seed,  
 Grow up to flowers of love ;  
 For as my child, in love and need,  
     Am I to him above.

How oft before the vapors break,  
 And day begins to be,  
 In our dim-lighted rooms we take  
     The shadows, Lord, for thee.

While every shadow lying there,  
 Slow remnant of the night,  
 Is but an aching, longing prayer,  
     For thee, O Lord, the night.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

The following stanzas were written by Brig-  
 Gen. Lander on hearing that the Confederate  
 troops had said that "Fewer of the Massachu-  
 setts officers would have been killed if they had  
 not been too proud to surrender."

## "OURS."

Aye, deem us proud ! for we are more  
 Than proud of all our mighty dead ;  
 Proud of the bleak and rock-bound shore  
     A crowned oppressor cannot tread.

Proud of each rock and wood and glen,  
 Of every river, lake, and plain ;  
 Proud of the calm and earnest men  
     Who claim the right and will to reign.

Proud of the men who gave us birth,  
 Who battled with the stormy wave,  
 To sweep the red man from the earth,  
     And build their homes upon his grave.

Proud of the holy summer morn,  
 They traced in blood upon its sod ;  
 The rights of freemen yet unborn,  
     Proud of their language and their God.

Proud, that beneath our proudest dome,  
 And round the cottage-cradled hearth,  
 There is a welcome and a home  
     For every stricken race on earth.

Proud that yon slowly sinking sun  
 Saw drowning lips grow white in prayer,  
 O'er such brief acts of duty done  
     As honor gathers from despair.

Pride—'tis our watchword, "Clear the boats !"  
 "Holmes, Putnam, Bartlett, Pierson—here !"  
 And while this crazy wherry floats,  
     "Let's save our wounded !" cries Revere.

Old State—some souls are rudely sped—  
 This record for thy Twentieth corps,  
 Imprisoned, wounded, dying, dead,  
     It only asks "Has Sparta more ?"

—Boston Post, Nov. 23.



From The Athenæum.

*The Private Diary of Richard, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G.* 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)

THE coronet of Buckingham is lying in the mire! The writer of the preface to these volumes records the fact, while he laments over an occurrence for which he can only partly account. It does not seem to have struck him that this coronet, whether it circled the brow of earl, marquis, or duke, has been one of the most unlucky as well as one of the most glittering of the peerage,—alike the coronet of those who took their title from Buckingham County, and that of the less ancient line, deriving theirs from Buckingham town. Eight hundred years ago, the Conqueror made an Earl of Buckingham of his stout follower, Walter Giffard, whose successor, dying childless, left a title which was assumed by De Clare, who also died heirless, in 1176. For two centuries that title disappeared, till Edward the Third revived it, in 1377, for his youngest son, Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Buckingham, who was basely murdered twenty years later. His little son Humphrey barely inherited ere he lost a distinction which his sister Ann Plantagenet carried to the Staffords. The heiress married Humphrey, fourth Earl of Stafford, and the king made of the happy pair the first Duke and Duchess of Buckingham. Precedence was given to this duke over every other peer of the same rank who was not of the blood royal; but this privilege was so contested by Henry de Beauchamp, fourth Duke of Warwick, that the nice point was at last settled by an Act of Parliament, whereby the two dukes took precedence one of the other in alternate years—so difficult was it to determine their respective deserts! The three Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, all perished miserably; the first, in bloody civil strife at Northampton; his two successors, on the scaffold. So deep was the fall, that the last male representative of the line, Roger Stafford, claiming in the last quarter of the sixteenth century his great ancestor's title, was refused on the ground of his poverty; and the shamed as well as disinherited heir died in obscurity, under the assumed name of Fludd.

In the following century, the ducal title was conferred on that George Villiers of

whom Reresby said he was the finest gentlemen, both for person and wit, that he had ever seen. Felton's knife gave death to this gentlemanly duke. His son and heir was the duke who was afraid to meet Lord Ossory in a duel arising out of a political quarrel, and yet had heart enough to murder Lord Shrewsbury in one, while my lord's wife looked on in the guise of a page. Indeed, this gay yet wretched duke had a heart for many evil deeds. When he took Lady Shrewsbury with her husband's blood upon him to his own mansion, his honest wife there, the daughter of Lord Fairfax, declared it was not suitable for her and that woman to live in the same house. "I think so too," said the duke, "and have ordered your coach to take you to your father's." Poets as well as historians have combined to render this duke both famous and contemptible. "In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;" and, sad example to dukes *in futuro*, he allowed himself to be "beggared by fools." As Dryden adds, "he had his jest, and they had his estate." To the latter there was no heir; and Villiers had been dead sixteen years when, in 1703, Queen Anne conferred the title on John Sheffield (Marquis of Normanby), the friend of Dryden, and the husband of James the Second's natural daughter, Katherine Darnley, the divorced wife of the Earl of Anglesea, and the Atossa of Pope. The coronet did not remain long with the Sheffields. The second duke of that family died without heirs to the title; and as for the land, much of that had gone long before, the first of the Sheffield dukes having actually willed it away to his illegitimate son, Charles Herbert, whom George the Second raised to a baronetcy, in 1755. For the little that was left, the heirs-at-law had to be sought; and finally these were discovered in a couple of Irish sisters named Walsh. So passed away the old line of county dukes—properly Dukes of Buckinghamshire.

The new line—Dukes of Buckingham town—owed its existence to a great heiress, Hester Temple, of Stowe, who married with a Grenville who could trace his lineage to Rollo, Duke of Normandy. This highly-dowered lady was created Countess Temple, and was succeeded by her son Richard, Earl Temple, who in his turn was followed by his nephew, George—created in 1784 Marquis

of Buckingham. The son of George was the Richard Nugent Temple Grenville who kept the Diary just given to the world. He became great through two heiresses: as the inheritor of the princely estate brought into his paternal family by Hester Temple, of Stowe, he was raised to the dignity of Duke of Buckingham, in 1822, to which ducal title was added the second—of Chandos—his wife being the daughter and sole heiress of the last Duke of Chandos, and sole representative of Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, who was daughter of Charles Brandon (Duke of Suffolk) and Mary the sister of Henry the Eighth. As the issue of the marriage of Brandon and Mary were placed in contingent succession to the throne of England by the will of Henry, this marriage not only increased the already enormous wealth, but the dignity of the Temple Grenvilles; and accordingly the duke who kept this Diary affected a state which was considerably caricatured at the time, and named his son and heir, the duke who died last year, "Richard Plantagenet."

The reality and the vision were once alike dazzling in their splendor; and Buckingham was, at least, acknowledged "King of Cots-wold," coroneted, crowned, and a throne looming in the distance, as a gorgeous though far-away possibility. All has suffered shipwreck. The reverses of the Grenvilles have been as stupendous and overwhelming as those of the Staffords. The late duke, Richard Plantagenet, lost everything he possessed, even his duchess; maintained himself for awhile by selling his family papers, could humbly thank his own old tailor for kindly affording him a day's shooting, and died dependent on the dutiful charity of a daughter.

The late duke was made by society the scapegoat of his predecessors. Their errors have been placed to his account, and Richard Plantagenet is generally charged with being the author of a fall which he could not prevent, but which he accelerated by imitating the paternal virtues which, carried to excess, became the vices through which he perished. "His father" (the writer of the Diary), says the editor, "had lived with princely magnificence; his expenditure in the luxuries of art and literature was enormous; and the munificent spirit with which he entertained the Royal Family of France

and their numerous followers, during their residence on one of his estates, not only drained his exchequer, but burdened him with debt. Neither Louis the Eighteenth nor Charles the Tenth took the slightest notice of the obligation they had incurred—apparently regarding such imprudent generosity as the natural acknowledgment of their exceeding merit." Those ungrateful Bourbons would not even condescend to confer

"—on the noble old soul  
A riband and cross for his best button-hole;"

but as they were not less pious than royal, perhaps they remembered the words of the lawgiver, "A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise and pervert the words of the righteous,"—and the ducal virtue was its own reward and punisher.

The duke was compelled to reduce his establishment, shut up his house, and "go abroad till his large estates could be nursed, so as to meet the heaviest and most pressing demands." He accordingly had a yacht built, in which he left England—alone; no member of his family accompanied him. With the exception of this lack of companionship, for which, however, he cared nothing, he seems to have very much enjoyed his agreeably distressed circumstances; nothing worse happening to him than little fits of aberration of intellect manifested in his composition of some execrable poetry. Of his wide wayfaring the record is now before us, and a very amusing and edifying chronicle it is; with a wild story turning up now and again, which one may dismiss with the comment of the critical gentleman in Juvenal:—"Solus enim hoc Ithacus, nullo sub teste canebat!"

The Diary commences in July, 1827, with an introductory chapter of farewells, some sad and some stately, of political intrigues and undignified family bickerings. Saddest were the farewells to the favorite spots in the most princely of parks, about which the duke and duchess drove till the moon was high in that midsummer sky. "At last we came to the flower-garden, and sent home the carriage. She burst out into a violent fit of tears, in which I participated without saying a word. In this manner she went through the two gardens, and left them in silent sorrow. I gave her a rose which I gathered out of the garden as we passed,

and I know that she treasured up the *last gift*. I never thought that she loved this place enough to make her grieve so much about leaving it." Next to the grief of leaving "dear, dear Stowe" was that of quitting George the Fourth, whose gracious hand the duke, all liberal as he was, went from Dropmore to kiss. We have some reason to believe that the duke would rather have kissed it on appointment to some high office, than on his departing from an air of politics, as he told the king, in which he could no longer breathe. That sovereign was especially confidential to him on political matters. The Liverpool ministry had "smashed" in the spring through the illness of the premier. George the Fourth implored the other members to keep together, and select a chief—he did not care whom, he said, "Protestant or Catholic." The Duke of Wellington declined to suggest any name, declaring that he "could not be his minister," not being suited to such a post by his old habits of life; that his ambition was satisfied, and that "a purely Protestant Government could not be made." The king himself proposed several persons "as sticks to rally round," but no one responded. "At length Peel, who had kept a very high and mighty bearing, declared himself ready to meet Canning on the subject," and had the meeting accordingly; after which, and many tedious delays, "Peel came to the king and thundered out the Duke of Wellington's name," for the premiership. As the duke had twice refused, the king protested that he would not now have him "crammed down his throat;" and as his "friends" would name no other, and they refused to act with Canning, the sovereign appointed the latter to form an administration. "And then the resignations took place, the duke leading the way . . . by throwing at the king's head the whole of his employments, military and all. The king begged him to keep the army. No!—all or nothing!" . . . "It is plain that the duke meant to be king, and failed."

Buckingham asked His Majesty if the Whigs were not likely to pledge him to the carrying of the Catholic question. His answer was,—"*Alors, comme alors!*" Canning has pledged himself never to press me upon that subject, and never to be a member of the Cabinet that does!" "As yet," he added, "Canning has kept his word; but, by

God, the moment he changes his line, he goes!" The king added, he had nothing left but to take and to trust Canning, since, after his name had been suggested, the duke had declared his own incompetency, and then wished to grasp the premiership. "If it is the great devil that has been forced upon me," he cried, "it is they who have done it!" The gentle monarch then let slip his tongue against Lord Mansfield, who had said in the House of Lords, that the king's opinions on the Catholic question had undergone a change. "He lied!" said King George to Duke Richard. "Had I been an individual, I would have told him so, and fought him. As it was, I put the Archbishop of Canterbury in a fright, by sending him as my second, to Mansfield, to tell him he lied. The archbishop came down bustling here, to know what he was to do. "Go," said I; "go and do my bidding—tell him he lies, and kick his behind in my name!"

This was a graceful mission for the Lord Primate, Manners Sutton, at seventy-two, and, of course, the right reverend lord did not fulfil it. The Duke of Buckingham, on the other hand, kept His Majesty's wrath warm by describing the Peel-Wellington intrigue as an attempt to make the king their prisoner, and denouncing Canning as a man who had "brow-beat, insulted and proscribed me!" Yet, to serve the king, who "had placed me upon one step only lower than that upon which his throne was placed, and had done so in my case alone,"—meaning thereby, had created him a duke,—he would support the Canning administration; "but I especially requested him to understand that I would have nothing to say to his minister." Upon the whole interview the simple duke then remarks: "Thus I have established myself in the king's confidence, and have made it necessary for His Majesty to call upon me the first time Canning and the Whigs come to blows, which *must* be soon." And then the good man went back to Dropmore, and told all that had passed to his duchess and Sir Edward East, and writes thereupon: "The latter approved; the first, of course, not; for nothing would please her but my joining the Tories." There is something ungracious in this "snubbing" the lady with whom he had so recently wept over the last rose ever culled for her by him in the gardens of Stowe.

Indeed, His Grace was often deficient in the practice of the virtue so named; for example, "My brother" (Lord Nugent) "says, that he himself has refused office. This I don't believe." Again, "George repeatedly told me that he had refused office. I don't believe it." Of the master of his yacht he says: "He tells me what I know to be lies; viz., that he has been detained for the windlass." The story touching Canning's pledge not to press the Catholic question is spoken of as "a lie of the king's." Then, Buckingham is not "called in," as he hoped, to form an administration, and waxes vexed with home as well as external annoyances. "My son (Chandos) behaves extremely ill to me; forgets himself entirely; treats me as if I was his groom-boy. . . . I express myself warmly on his conduct towards me, and his lordship sulks the rest of the day." It is to be recollected that the Marquis of Chandos was, in politics, a Tory, and dearly loved to trouble his "Liberal" sire, the duke.

From family troubles, impending ruin and political disappointment, the duke at length sailed from Southampton, in his well-appointed yacht, the *Anne Eliza*. The new Ulysses fled from and not towards his home, abandoning and not seeking his Penelope; while the young Telemachus, far from seeking to smooth the asperities of the paternal way, only annoyed his sire by displays of ultra-Toryism, and alternately surprised and disappointed him by despatching missions after him which looked like official documents, perhaps summoning him to form an administration, but which proved to be ordinary letters, containing trifling news from home. "He will never learn common sense," is the comment of his sire. As the wanderer sailed on, not at all anxious to avoid the nymphs, and ever ready to loiter with the lotus-eaters, his one abiding hope was that he might be "called in." If his claims to carry on the government of the country as Prime Minister were overlooked, had not the Duke of Clarence been heard to say that he was the only man fit to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? But Canning passed away, and Prosperity Robinson, or Goody Goderich, as he was now called, formed a new administration; and the duke, who had not been asked to accept even an Under-

Secretaryship, makes mournful record in his Diary that his "political career is closed." England, however, has the benefit of his criticism, his vigilance and his fears; and when the short-lived Goderich Cabinet is scattered to the winds, and that of the dreaded and detested Wellington is established with tolerable prospects of success, the Duke of Buckingham despairs of his country, and dreads "the ambition of our present Dictator!"

Amid all his trials, the illustrious wayfarer never lost sight of his dignity. The crew with whom he traversed the Mediterranean for a year or two, and the "*suite*" who followed him when he left the yacht at Genoa and took to travelling by land, must have been impressed by his grandeur and condescension; and foreign clerks inquiring by whom his passport was signed must necessarily have been fluttered by his reply of "My own Secretary of State!" No wonder they concluded that he was the "king's brother in disguise," and that some insisted that he was the Duke of York *incognito*, although that royal duke had been some months dead. This flattering compliment was not invariably paid to him, for a rash Jesuit at Palermo actually took him for Silk Buckingham the traveller. Gracious powers!

As a literary work, the Diary has no great merit. It teaches nothing, touches no sympathetic feeling, has no elevation of thought, and chronicles a good deal of small beer. Nevertheless, it is easy reading, and often very amusing. When it makes reference to subjects connected with Art, the diarist becomes more interesting, because he speaks with knowledge. He is, perhaps, most amusing when he is ridiculing in others the dignified assumptions he affected in himself. When lying one Sunday off Ryde he hears a salute heralding the passage of the Lord High Admiral to prayers on board the *Victory*: he remarks, "I think His Royal Highness might have said his prayers with less ostentation. . . . Whether the Pharisees' prayers sent to Heaven on the smoke of a 24-pounder were more acceptable than the noiseless aspirations going on at that moment in every part of his royal brother's dominions, God, who is the judge of all, will one day let us know!" Such is the



heavenly knowledge looked for by a duke who, in the next page, says, "hoisted my banner and fired a gun."

Then he is marvellously great in sneering at all things and persons English, with which and whom he has had little to do. The improvements in the fortifications at Gibraltar only remind him of the remark of the officer to George the Second—"At present, sire, I think it is impregnable; but there is no knowing what your majesty's engineers may make of it." Brydone's book on Sicily he knocks on the head by stating that the author who gives such a circumstantial account of his visit to the crater of Etna "never proceeded further up Etna himself than the Benedictine Convent." But it is particularly with the English residents abroad that his grace is least satisfied—and sometimes with reason. In Sicily he encounters an English Prince —, by right of his Sicilian wife's title of princess; and on inquiry, he discovers that his princely excellency was originally groom to Lord Forbes. An active, obliging Abbé Campbell is noticed, who is paid by the English Court for "information of what is going on," and by the Neapolitan for opening letters and communicating "information of what is being said." The English society at Rome, he tells us, "is made up of very different and contending elements, all counteracting and jealous of each other,—all intriguing, caballing, whispering and tale-telling among themselves." Lady Westmoreland is at the head of these factions,—passing her time in getting up *tableaux vivants*, hiring women and kidnapping children in the streets that they may figure in the *tableaux*, and justifying her appearance at the Opera, on Sundays, on the plea of the fitness of "doing at Rome what Rome does." At Malta, where he is hospitably entertained by the "hero of Navarino," he ridicules Sir Edward Codrington and all his family. "With a most princely *empressement*, he hailed me as a brother-prince." And then a sneering record is made of "his fat wife and long daughter;" and the admiral is rapped over the knuckles for "loving to dilate on the battle of Navarino." Subsequently, we have a glance or two at old Lord Blessington, whose barbarously unintelligible Italian is pitilessly exposed: this is the more amusing, because his lordship's Italian was not much worse

than the duke's (unless his editor be responsible for the latter), and his French seems to have been even worse than Lord Blessington's Italian. A pompous address by the duke to the pope, in French, ending with asking his blessing, is carefully noted down in the Diary. It is laughably incorrect; but, the duke says, it brought the tears into Leo the Twelfth's eyes; which we can believe.

From Rome to Florence: there the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury invite the duke to dinner. In return, the grateful guest notes down that they "are very rich, and very proud of their riches." The countess is described as "covering herself with diamonds, and silver-foil and spangles; and she goes about like a chimney-sweeper on May-day. She is haughty and proud," adds the ducal guest, "and desirous of being considered as the head of English society here, but manages badly and gets hated." The earl is depicted as "a good, quiet sort of body;" the duke was pleased to admit this much, as Lord Shrewsbury "came up to me and thanked me for the honor I had done him by dining with him;" and *Exit* Buckingham, radiant at "the first Earl of England" knowing how to appreciate the condescension of a duke.

When earls thus know their place, what may not be expected from lords by courtesy! At the Austrian Ambassador's, writes the duke, "Lord Wriothersley Russell desired Lord Arundel to present him to me! Very odd! as I know of no claim that I have to his acquaintance, except that I have shot at his father!" Whether this be simplicity, impudent pride, or sheer impertinence, it would be difficult to say. Of the incident referred to, the editor seems to know nothing. The old Duke of Bedford, in a speech at a county meeting, had spoken of his brother of Buckingham as a man whose services, and the services of whose adherents in Parliament, had been purchased by Government, by conferring high office on those adherents who, on going back to be re-elected, did not go back to the people of England, but to the ducal borough proprietor by whom they were returned. For these words, Buckingham called out Bedford, and the august simpletons met in Kensington Gardens one bright May morning of 1822. The duel was bloodless, for Buckingham fired at Bedford



ineffectually, and the latter discharged his pistol in the air. The former duke seemed to think he had conferred a favor on his adversary, his shooting at whom was the only claim, in his opinion, that Bedford's son could have for being presented to high-reaching Buckingham.

Never was he happier than when honors and compliments were showered on him. At the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, he notes, "I was placed within the rails of the high altar, where a chair was provided for me, and a carpet to put my feet upon." This homage was rendered to him, not of course as a Protestant, but as a duke,—though one in difficulties. For other great people he himself has not so much tenderness. He did not think it worth his while to look at the house in which Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, and whenever he comes across the Buonaparte family he indulges in a fling at them. Canova's *Venus Triumphant*, he observes, "was taken from Princess Borghese: Canova used to say that he saw what he copied, but it did not necessarily follow that he copied what he saw." When the ex-Queen Hortense, mother of Louis Napoleon, invites him to her house, he has the bad taste to stipulate that he should call her nothing but "Madame" (for, as he prettily remarks, there was a difference between her and legitimate monarchs dethroned), and that he should "not be called upon to perform *Ko Tow* to any of her family." This was conceded, and Hortense treated the ill-requited host of the exiled Bourbons with hospitality and grace. "Hortense made me sit by her—a dreadful bore." We have no doubt she found him so! In spite of his airs, the ex-imperials, he would have us believe, were anxious to be on friendly terms with him. "It is quite ridiculous," he says, "to see the court which the whole Buonaparte family pay me—all except Jerome, who retains his barren royalty, and will see nobody who does not consent to treat him as a sovereign—this I have refused to do!"

Such is the tone which prevails throughout a work, which ends abruptly as the proud, melancholy and worn traveller is slowly wending his way homeward through Switzerland. From its pages we proceed to give some samples of the power of the writer, whether to observe or to make record of

what came under his observation, Here is a true Spanish carpenter:—

"I have been much amused sometimes by seeing the leisurely and gentle manner in which a carpenter has employed himself during a whole day with planing at one little plank, and dubbing at one bit of wood. I went to one of these laborious souls, and in derision, as I thought, expressed my hope that he would not hurt himself by excessive labor. He took my expression of anxiety seriously, and, stopping his gentle labor, assured me that he was grateful to my excellency for my warning, but that he always made it a rule not to overwork himself, and by these precautions, thank God, he preserved his health. Then, resuming his cigar and his tools, proceeded gently on his job."

The duke might have found some consolation for what he considered the prospects of England, when he contrasted therewith what he saw in Spain,—men in prison ten years for selling a cigar; or in Italy, where the prisons were crowded with "prisoners of opinion," political victims whose term of captivity was indefinite. In some provinces he met with governors who, on taking office, had sworn to respect the privileges of such provinces, after having previously sworn to the king that they would disregard them, for his majesty's profit. Often he was in a by-gone world, as at Messina, where the dandies wore watermen's coats, pea-green gloves, and carried pink umbrellas, and he mourned over the pace that was being followed at home. Pope has spoken of one who could "grow sick and damn the climate, like a lord;" but the duke found Sicily to have a much damper atmosphere than England; namely, eighty-eight portions of water in one hundred portions of air; and if the island was not drier than the one he had abandoned, neither was it more religious for having "Providence forever!" written over the door of every pot-house. Off Naples, we have an incident for the spiritualists:—

"I this day receive another letter from my poor wife. Poor Muir's wife is dead in childbed. My wife has engaged to protect her children, and she died in peace and comfort. When I announced this news, I found that on the very day on which this poor creature died, Muir told Wilcox, Sharp, and several others on board, that he was sure his wife was dead, for that she had come to him in a dream and told him so! The fact is

indisputably true. All one can do is to wonder and be silent. But the result had been a confirmed and decided ghost story in the ship."

The royalty at Naples is depicted in degrading, but very familiar colors. Infamy seemed as much domiciled there as the itch at Lipari, "which the inhabitants never attempt to cure, although the quantities of sulphur which surround them afford the amplest means for doing so."

For the next new Othello who would move the town, here is fair authority for clearing the complexion of the hero :—

"The Venetians know Othello. They have heard of Shakspeare, and are in ecstasies at Rossini's opera. But the story is a curious one. They have, since Shakspeare wrote and Rossini spoilt what he wrote, thought it right to make inquiries as to the foundation of the story of Othello; but no traces of it appear in any of the records of Venetian story. At length they have discovered what, probably, is the origin of the story on which Shakspeare wrote. There was, and is still, a noble Venetian family of 'Il Moro.' A story something like that of Othello is said to have happened in that family. The head of every noble Venetian family is usually spoken of in the third person; and Shakspeare, having either heard or read of the story as happening to 'Il Moro,' concluded that he was a 'Mauro,' or Moor, and wrote his play accordingly."

Varied as these volumes are, the key-note is one of sadness. Complimented as the duke was by an Austrian Emperor taking interest in his political advancement, gratified by civilities (but not with employments) from Wellington, and honestly pleased at the Act for the Emancipation of the Catholics,—there was a pressure on the mind of this once really noble gentleman which he could not shake off. Here is one sign of that sad pressure :—

"Write letters for England. Sad! sad! sad! I really begin to feel no wish to return home. Very low. Felt it necessary to write a letter to the Hundreds of Buckingham, Ashendon, and which my son called together, and where he gave breakfast to my own ten-

ants, to go and vilify my father's memory and my character. Forbearance must have its limits, and I have reached them. I must not be afraid of maintaining my own principles, because my son forgets what he owes to me and to my family. I thank God that I have forborne so long. I remained at home all day and all the evening."

Saddest of all, perhaps, is a dream which was strangely realized in many of its features, not in the lifetime of the dreamer, but in that of the son who bore so heavily upon his sire and grandsire :—

"As for myself, I am ashamed to say that I am more low than I should dare confess to any one, by a dream which haunted me in my sleep, with a degree of precision which is really frightful. I was at Stowe, my dear and regretted home. All was desolate—not a soul appeared to receive me. My good dog met me, and licked my hand. Accompanied by him, I traversed all the apartments—all desolate and solitary: every room as I had left it. On my return from the state bedroom, I met my wife! She told me all my family were gone, and that she was left desolate—that even her little favorite dog, which had been her sole remaining companion, had died a few days ago. We went out at the north hall-door together, and all was solitude and desertion. I awoke with the distress of the moment, and I slept no more that night. I do not like to confess how much effect this has had upon me. I have not the slightest faith in dreams, but this has strongly accorded with the feelings and tone of my mind, and I cannot shake it off. Those who will ever see this journal will, I am sure, not laugh at my feelings."

—Assuredly not. Every reader will close the book with sympathy for the man who suffered. That it will be read with curiosity, we cannot doubt; that the interest of the reader will be more excited for the "man" than the author, we are quite sure. Meanwhile, may it be with the old coronet as with the sword reclaimed by the Breton Marquis, on resuming his nobility after a successful application to commercial industry. The marquis saw a speck of rust on the symbol of his old dignity. It cost him a tear; but, as he well remarked, he knew another way by which the blot might be effaced.

From The Saturday Review.  
CONTEMPT.

THERE is a good deal in the tone and manners of our day to foster a habit of quiet, passive contempt. In simpler states of society, the man who values himself highly has little scruple in confessing as much. Savages have no more reticence in parading their good points than peacocks. We know that even the Anglo-Saxon, when removed from the restraints of refined cultivation, can expatiate on his own merits with perfectly unqualified, unblushing complacency. American writers themselves are the first to acknowledge this as a characteristic of their remote outlying social life. There, men extol themselves in all the simplicity of an ignorance which knows nothing higher or better, and are frankly astonished at their own successes. Nobody is thought the worse of for praising himself; and where this is the case, whether in England or in the backwoods, we shall not find the practice out of favor or out of date. But among ourselves it is out of date. A man cannot puff himself off with impunity—without, in fact, being taken for a fool; and, therefore, if he have ordinary capacity, he keeps within bounds. But not the less must the thought of the heart find some outlet. Men draw wide distinctions between pride and vanity, but both have at least this in common—they like to feel and to be acknowledged *first*; and both agree, not only in the craving for pre-eminence, but in the instinct to gain their end by a side wind—to boast themselves by implication, if circumstances will not permit the more agreeable incense of positive praise and adulation. This resource evidently lies in detraction—not spoken, not even conscious detraction, but a process of disparagement, by which, without any visible, active self-exaltation, the mind may keep uppermost in its own estimation. It is not possible, Clarendon observes, to overvalue ourselves without undervaluing our neighbors—which he calls contempt. Contempt, then, in some form, is the necessary accompaniment of self-conceit. This is self-evident on reflection, though not always apparent. A man may be vain without being in manner contemptuous, and may indulge in a habit of general contempt towards others, when we do not think of him in connection with either pride or vanity. Nor is he necessarily

vain for himself. A vicarious vanity belongs to all hero-worship. All people who have an idol are contemptuous; it is, indeed, a necessary part of their cultus. In either case, a man may be very far gone in contempt without being conscious of it himself, or committing any strong overt act offensive to the people about him; for, in its passive state, it is a mere practice of depreciation, and is taken for sensitiveness or a fastidious taste. It is only now and then that a glimpse into motives discovers to us how much contempt there is in the world. We may live in intimate relations with people and only casually discover it. We may be acquainted with two sets, and some chance may first make us aware of the contempt in which each holds the other. Indeed, there is this poetical justice to console the observer—the sentiment is seldom all on one side. We are sometimes taken by surprise at the amount of scorn and superciliousness which lurks under the most demure and seemingly unpretending exterior. It would not be comfortable to the most philosophical of us to know the tone of disparagement with which we are treated—the estimate at which our pretensions are rated—in certain quarters; and yet, if contempt is so common a habit of thought, all must fall more or less under it. There are natures with which we infallibly come in collision, so that they are driven in a certain self-defence to look upon our weak points, and take their stand upon them. We are told “not to take heed to all words that are spoken, lest we hear our servant curse us.” We suspect that what is sometimes loftily spoken of as “withering scorn” is the “curse” here intended, especially as it is taken for granted that we likewise oftentimes curse others, and few persons’ consciences can be quite clear on the point before us.

There are minds, belonging to respectable good sort of people too, so eaten into by this exclusiveness that they do not, at the bottom of their hearts, attribute to nine-tenths of the people with whom they come in casual contact the same nature as themselves, the same affections and passions. It needs to be admitted to the honor of their friendship and esteem to possess either head or heart. A great deal that passes for goodness and even self-denial in the world has this passive form of contempt at its root. There is a

tacit assumption that nothing good can be got out of people not included in a certain circle, sect, or party—that of course their pursuits are frivolous, their aims mean, their conversation empty, their interests unworthy. Under a profession of humility, there is the notion that in intercourse all the gain and benefit must necessarily be on one, that is, on their side—that they must impart all, and can hope to receive nothing good. This is the state of mind engendered by every form of exclusiveness, whether religious or social. It indefinitely restricts those natural bounds by which all intercourse must be ordered and limited. It is often called fastidiousness, but in fact the poor have as much of it as their betters, and decent people contract habits of sour seclusion from the same persuasion that their own company is the only safe company they can indulge in. There are people of every rank who, as a matter of course, have a contempt for all people they do not know; just as the Dodson family despised all who were not Dodsons. They have fallen into a habit of regarding themselves as fountains of honor. To be out of their range is to be “these people” and “those people,” the “good folks,” the “wiseacres,” the “gossips” of their neighborhood. It is amazing the narrowness, the dulness, the utter vacuity which can gather self-consequence and feed its importance by this contemptuous mode of grouping and classifying the world outside itself; and yet, in a modified degree, this must be recognized as so common a habit of mind that we are convinced there is no rarer, as there is no more amiable and candid quality, than habitual justice to the motives of people not in our own set, and not subject to our influences.

Contempt may well be a common failing, for it is the easiest and most attainable form of self-assertion. If we seek for instances, we are perhaps driven to witty or weighty examples, because such contempters can give a poignancy and force to the expression of their sentiments. We think of Gray pronouncing his own University, where he chose to spend his days, “a joy of wild asses”—or of Johnson, in dispute with an antagonist whom he considered beneath him, “withdrawing his attention to think of Tom Thumb”—or of Pope’s “dunces” and “fools,” or Warburton’s “wretches” and “crews of scoundrels;” but, in fact, con-

tempt can exist as vigorously without the pretence of brilliant and intoxicating qualities. Mr. Gedge, the landlord of the Royal Oak, could pronounce all the people he knew, “big and little, a poor lot”—could “say it often, and say it again,” without being ever compelled to prove his own superiority to the people he despised. It was enough that he had an ideal. Indeed, as contempt is avowedly an act of opinion and judgment, it often flourishes most where there is no chance of being challenged to do better, and so of shaming the ideal. Beggars are proverbially proud, for this very reason—they have an ideal for every station and every duty of civilized life, and are never called on to act out one of them. In the same way negroes are represented as supercilious. They have no social status apart from their masters. A white skin, then, is their ideal; they are contemptuous on quadrums as being “neither white nor black”—mere pretenders, as it were. It may be noted that nobody is so critical of dinners as the man that never gives them. With what weight he comes down on *entrées* and wines! How pure and fastidious his ideal on every point of order and arrangement! There is consolation, no doubt, in criticism of this character; for the time it equalizes distinctions. Our mind is above our fortunes. It is a great thing to know what is what—to be on a level with the man we despise, if not even above him for the time being. What a solace to despair would poor discarded Brummel find, for the instant, in reducing his lost ally the Regent to the mere impersonation of obesity—“Who is your fat friend?” The death of rich or great men often awakes the same sort of feeling. For once the living dog is master of the position and enjoys a triumph. When the young blood announced at his coffee-house the demise of the Grand Monarque, “So the old prig is dead at last,” the airy familiarity was veiled contempt. He was inflated with more than a sense of equality. Death had placed him uppermost.

We have taken this side of our subject first, and regarded contempt in its passive and least intelligent aspect, because certainly learning, study of character, and mixing with mankind tend to allay and moderate it; but no doubt contempt is quite at home in its more recognized sphere, when



backed and prompted by acknowledged superiority, and with seeming right on its side. It would not be easy to match from any age of the world, or any station of society, learned or ignorant, Mr. Ruskin's habitual contempt for all persons and things that contradict his views. It is headlong, monstrous, scarcely reconcilable with the possession of reason, and yet Mr. Ruskin has a wide knowledge of his own peculiar subjects, and might have been in his own line a great authority. But then he has acted on the assumption that success in one pursuit qualifies him to judge of all pursuits and all lines of thought. He has thought that study of art, of Turner's pictures, of nature, constituted him a judge, as well of all painters, as of every human need, character, and action. The conclusion he appears to have come to is that the man who does not see all things with his eyes is wicked and stupid, a liar, and a fool. This is contempt in its most rabid form. Thus, though his knowledge is great, it is ignorance which has misled him into the frenzies which we regret; and we think all misplaced contempt is to be traced to the same cause—partial ignorance. Few recognized pursuits amongst men will cause contempt if we give ourselves the trouble to consider them attentively. But this, clever men intent on their one hobby are as little ready to do as the most circumscribed intellect. All have some vein of Touchstone in them. When they survey something not in their way, in another world than theirs, they are ready to plume themselves on their want of sympathy as a sort of distinction, and to find it meat and drink to see a fool. Thus, severely practical minds enjoy their contempt for every effort of imagination. People who cannot see a joke have a contempt for fun. We have heard an artist merrily enlarge on the utter folly of the study of language. Swift condensed all that can be thought and said about music into the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Addison treats as a sort of drivelling the minute researches of the naturalist. Fifty years ago, half the world was contemptuous on science, and vast numbers now despise classical learning as if it were a very clever and original thing to despise it. In one and all these instances we feel that only knowledge is wanting for the feeling to evaporate. There is one motive for contempt, however, on which the dull have it all their own way.

There are people who not only despise any given form or pursuit of the intellect as perhaps we all do, but who have a contempt for active thought and all its results as such—as if it were an inferior thing to write books, to know things, to think at all. They regard themselves as the Hindoos do their Supreme God—as something above the vulgar processes of thought and action.

"The learned is happy nature to explore,  
The fool is happy that he knows no more."

Analyzed, studied, looked in the face, it becomes a wonder that contempt should be so potent a thing as it is. The poet tells us that

"He who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used; that thought with  
him  
Is in its infancy."

We ought, then, to despise the contemner as betraying defect and deficiency in the very act. But in truth it is an effort of independence which few can reach to disregard the dictum of what seems deliberate weighty disparagement from any quarter whatever. Certainly there is a contempt justly terrible. The most confident and defiant would shrink from such scorn as Dante in the very sublime of contempt bestowed, for all comment, on the weak and pusillanimous band who had lived only for themselves:—

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

But it is neither the contempt of goodness nor of intellect which men most dread. It is when it is vague, undefinable, neither to be got at nor propitiated, a mere fear and shadow, that it is the greatest bugbear—the contempt of society or of the world for something, we know not what, and expressed or entertained by people whom, in their individual separate capacity, we may really rather look down upon. The sort of fear people are prone to have of servants illustrates, while it is an evidence of, this dependent and abject state of mind. Now, as servants are our fellow-mortals, they may be as worthy of the distinction of our fear as any one else; but the proverbial dread of falling in the opinion of a butler and incurring his contempt, has nothing whatever to do with the great doctrine of inherent equality. It is the sneaking part of a man that here suffers, that quails under the notion that something is done to



him which he can never know, from which there is no appeal. It is the closed doors of the servants' hall that invest the voice of opinion there in such terrors. Still, it has its grounds, and the very fear may work out its fulfilment. In externals, servants are very likely to be correct judges. They have an instinct as to who has lived in habits of command. They respect those who show by some nameless freemasonry that they are used to be attended upon, that the service of inferiors is part of their heritage. They have a nice though unconscious discernment of self-respect, and know at once where it resides. They like a man who asserts himself without bluster or assumption—they are judges of the particular qualities which affect their intercourse. To be afraid of a butler is, then, to have a misgiving whether we are quite the thing. The man who fears such contempt should take home the humiliating lesson, and regard it as a revelation of something wanting in himself. And so of all con-

tempt—either it is deserved or it is not. There is a remedy in either case, though we admit that our feelings cannot really be settled by square and rule as easily as this argument seems to imply.

No doubt, contempt has its charm where it procures a monopoly of regard. But this is but a narrow, ignoble satisfaction. A man much engaged in important concerns, who has to act with a variety of characters, tempers, and to clash with none, must not be contemptuous. If he have disdain in his disposition, he must suppress it at whatever effort. But what an advantage over others he has who, by nature or from an enlarged interest in human affairs, from caring for what others care for, is actually free from it, and can put himself in the place of the people he acts with frankly and unaffectedly. He finds a common ground in the midst of all differences of training or station, and thus feels the social link which it is the work of contempt at once to ignore and to break.

THE Dictionary of English Etymology, by Hensleigh Wedgwood of which only the first volume, closing with the letter D inclusive, has been published, is a very remarkable book, both on account of the new etymologies which it has brought to light, and the view which it gives of the origin of language in general. It has been republished in this city by Sheldon and Company, in a thin folio, beautifully printed with a preface and liberal additions by George P. Marsh, whose auxiliary researches are of equal value with the text. In the introduction Mr. Wedgwood explains and illustrates the philosophy of etymology—the principles which have guided his inquiries. He regards language as imitative in its origin, as expressing not only sounds, but acts and emotions of every kind, and operations of the mind, by words which in their original form were designed to bear some resemblance to the thing expressed. With regard to sounds, everybody would readily admit this to be true—we recognize its truth in such words as click, clank, crack, snap, murmur, rattle, and so forth, but it is wonderful, also, how many words not suspected hitherto of an imitative origin are very plausibly shown to have a certain likeness in sound to some quality of the act or thing for which they stand. By means of this clue it is surprising what a number of etymologies hitherto unknown are detected by those who are largely read in the ancient literature of the English tongue and the Cognate languages—men like Wedgwood and

Marsh, who, when once put upon the chase of a word,

—“hunt it through the dark

To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.”

Yet, it must be remarked that the present work has nothing to do with the etymology of words which are of strictly classical derivation, confining itself to those which are derived from the Saxon stock or from the dialects of the middle ages.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

HALLAM'S Constitutional History of England, from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II., is published in three duodecimo volumes by Sheldon and Company, forming one of that beautiful series of standard English publications which that house is getting up. Of Hallam's work, composed with such careful research, and with such judicial impartiality, it is superfluous to say anything in praise. The very absence of prejudice, the calm, absolutely unimpassioned manner in which he weighs evidence, allowing no preconceived opinion, or sympathy or aversion, to cause the least wavering in his judgment, has been brought against him as an objection by some persons of a warmer temperament. Those persons who are simply in search of truth will be glad of such a guide. The book is got up by the publishers in a manner worthy of the excellence of the work.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### BUMBOATS AND BUMBOATMEN.

"By the deep seventy-five fathoms!" is the cry that cheers the heart of poor Jack, who, perhaps, like the sweet little cherub, is perched up aloft, keeping a sharp look-out for the first hazy outline of distant land. After four months of nothing but the waste of waters in its variations from intense calm to surging hurricane, it is with no small delight that the watch on deck hear the mate pass the word to bend the line to the deep-sea lead. Then weary, anxious faces look over the ship's side to watch for a discoloring in the perpetual blue. Listening ears eagerly catch the words sung out sturdily by the man in the chains, as his stalwart arm swings the lead backwards and forwards with gradually increasing velocity, until it has gained sufficient impetus to be swung far ahead of the ship's cut-water. The rest flies round like lightning; the rope slips as rapidly through the hand of the leadsman, till, with sudden jerk, he stops its further progress. The bottom has been found, and when the deep-sea lead is again hauled up and over the ship's side, to it is found attached samples of the ground far beneath the ocean whither its weight has penetrated. The watch down below have turned out a full two hours before their time. But the biscuit and muddy coffee, with the scraps of salt-junk which constitute the daily breakfast, are swallowed with difficulty and disdain. They long now for shore luxuries, and as they near the land, keep a sharp look-out for that invaluable fellow, the bumboatman, who watches the signal-staff with the eyes of a vulture, and will put out to sea at all seasons and hours to meet the coming ship, with his store of looked-for luxuries.

Here we are with a leading wind, steering direct for the beautiful island of Pulo Penang. The high hill in the centre, surmounted by the signal-staff, is distinctly visible from deck, though we are forty miles away from the harbor. But the old signal-sergeant has a good glass up there, and has already espied us, as his flag announces to eager "Abraham Brown," that patriarch of all Eastern boatmen, who carries about with him a goodly sized quarto volume full of certificates from nautical customers, which, are worded in every vein of humor conceivable, and an exact copy of which would be

worthy of a place in the British Museum. Abraham Brown has spied the signal, and though we cannot see him, nor he us, he assured he has put out to sea in his trusty and capacious boat, bringing with him much of this world's creature comforts, and an abundance of fruit and vegetables. The wind is rather against him, but he can work traverse sailing as well as the best navigator, and keep beating about the channel through which only vessels can enter the harbor.

The old black cook, in his blacker caboose; the usually industrious steward, and his hard-worked mate in the cabin, are alike neglectful this morning of their usual routine of duty. But such is the good humor prevalent fore and aft, that not a murmur escapes the lips of the most impatient spirits. If the pea-soup is smoked, and the dough boiled into a paste, it matters but little. Under any circumstances they would both remain untasted, for just as the dinner-hour has been piped, the man at the foretop hails the deck, and announces sail ho! on the larboard-bow. In less than half an hour afterwards, Abraham Brown and his bumboat are towing alongside, and Abraham Brown gets up on deck; and the odor that pervades the deck fore and aft is no longer that of pitch and tar, and salt fish and slush tubs, and other abominations, but the fragrance of the produce of a grateful soil; for Abraham Brown never forgets, amongst other things, to bring off baskets full of roses, jasmine, and other sweet-scented flowers, which the sailors purchase as eagerly as any ball-going damsel; and after cramming as many into a pannikin full of water as it will hold, decorate their hats with the remainder, or sometimes form beautiful festoons all about the ship's rigging.

In a very short space of time the bumboat is emptied of its freight, for there are willing hands and strong arms at work, and the baskets containing the goods are carefully ranged along the lee-skippers, under shelter of the bulwark. What do the baskets contain? What do they not contain? Ask Jack yonder, who is hitching up his trousers, and rattling the dollars in his pocket as he contemplates the rich store before him, and is only at a loss on which particular basket first to commence his onslaught. Shall it be the mangostein, rivalling in flavor, and

as cool by nature as the most carefully iced raspberries? Shall it be the plantains, not to be surpassed by the finest cream and strawberries? Shall it be the mangoes, or the guavas; the oranges, or shadocks; or shall it be the huge dhurian, rough and coarse without, and abominable of odor within. Even in the choice made in these baskets, one may discriminate the characters and dispositions of the purchasers. The black cook chooses the dhurian, because it is the largest and cheapest, and good enough, he says, for such old bones as his. But when he opens it near the galley-door, he runs imminent risk of being pitched overboard, fruit and all, for the stench pervades every nook and corner of the vessel, and interferes sadly with the enjoyment of the rest of the crew. The dhurian, however, after being opened and exposed to the air for some hours, loses all smell, and is really a succulent and pleasant fruit; besides which, the kernels make a capital substitute for chestnuts, which are unknown in these parts.

But Abraham Brown has other things to vend besides fruits, else would our long-tailed Chinese carpenter fare badly. With the forethought acquired by long experience, the bumboatman has supplied himself with Chon-Chon soup and pork, as prepared by the itinerant vendors of ready-cooked meats that traverse the streets from morning till night in Penang. He has, moreover, for the use of the cabin and fo'castle, butcher's meat in abundance: half oxen and whole sheep and pigs, whilst the baker has furnished him with mountains of well-baked bread, biscuits, cakes, and macaroons. Then, in fifty bottles, he has brought off all the fresh milk he can procure, and in fifty earthenware pots as much fresh butter, and a prodigious quantity of lemons, wherewith to make lemonade this hot afternoon. There never was such a splendid tea-party in any part of the world as assembles that afternoon in the fo'castle deck. They may be provided with better table-linen, finer napkins, more costly china, and far more refined company, but the bill of fare cannot be surpassed, or even rivalled. Such fruit, such flowers, such bread and butter and preserves, such tea, such milk, such "sudden deaths" and grills, resulting from basket-loads of unhappy chickens that have been transferred from the bumboat with very trifling intermediate process

to the caboose fire! I repeat, such a meal never was or can be surpassed in the world.

A very different personage from Abraham Brown is Chinatumby-Motoosawing, who boards us as soon as we cast anchor in the Madras roads, and a very differently assorted cargo he brings with him to pander to the tastes of all hands. The high surf running on the Madras beach at all seasons of the year, makes the granting of shore-leave to seamen a matter of sometimes angry altercation between themselves and the captain, so they are permitted to enjoy themselves as much as they can aboard.

No sooner has the skipper gone ashore, and the sails been carefully stowed, the ropes coiled up, the deck washed down, and awnings spread fore and aft, with a curtain between us and the sun, than over the side comes Mr. Chinatumby. After him make their appearance two grotesque-looking figures all but nude, with their dark skins plentifully besprinkled with flour and ashes, and many-colored stripes drawn down the forehead, and converging at the nose, over which feature one broad dab of yellow extends. These are the snake-charmers. Up comes a juggler in a somewhat similar costume. Up comes the washing-man and ironing-man (for the laundry is exclusively conducted by men in India) in pretty nearly no costume at all. Up comes the dubash, like a tallow candle, swathed in muslin, and with a very bright wafer stuck between his eyes. In one hand he clutches firmly a huge old pocket-book, full of most laudatory testimonials, highly creditable to the bearer, except for the fact of their being invariably either forged or stolen. Up comes a seedy old individual in European costume, with a shocking bad hat, and no shoes or stockings; this is the Fiddle, and after him comes up the Fife, who is his exact counterpart. By and by, when the evening is cool, and every one in a merry humor, we are going to have a little dance upon deck. Lastly, up comes the lion of the bumboat, the Madras jeweller, who, in his sash and manifold pockets, carries about with him marvellous Trichinopoly chains and rubies, emeralds, cat's-eyes, bloodstones, amethysts, etc., set as rings and brooches of very elegant patterns, costly withal, and very beautiful to look upon, so long as the setting will hold together (which will not be many days after

purchase), and prevent the glass from rolling out, and revealing the skilfully glazed paper, of divers colors and hues, which have been the cause of the gross imposition. The boatmen hand up the various baskets, and Jack is rather at a loss to account for the hissing that proceeds from some of the flattest of them. They contain the educated cobras, who dance to the music of the Charmer.

There is no end to this fellow's marvellous tricks. When he opens his baskets, and produces hideous music from his gourd-like flageolet, wagging his head from side to side to mark the time, the loathsome looking masses, coiled up in sand baskets, begin to show evident emotion, and slowly raising their hideous heads, expand their throats, and imitate the motions of the musicians, taking instant advantage of any pause to dart spitefully forward, and endeavor to fix their fangs upon the naked arms of the charmer; a proceeding which at first greatly alarms the ship's crew, who make a precipitate retreat from the poop, and only return after the urgent solicitations of the dubash, who acts interpreter, and then only when armed with a belaying-pin apiece. As this entertainment grows to a close, a careful observer may perceive a shadow of doubt cross the charmer's face, as he watches his opportunity to make a sudden grab at the snake's neck, which, having accomplished, he forces it into the basket, and puts the lid on *instantly*. So he serves the rest; and Jack thinks how delighted his old mother at home will be, when he casts anchor alongside of her some fine evening, and tells her that the charmers spoken of by David are yet extant in the east. The sun is setting when the Tomasha finishes for the day, and the boatload returns to the shore, highly satisfied with its day's work. The dhoby, or washerman, carries with him huge bundles of clothes, which, if returned at all when in a purified state, will be sadly diminished in numbers, or misrepresented by worthless

old rags, so got up and folded, as to look very clean and nice indeed. If the people in the boat are happy, Jack is in his glory, for they have kept the two Portuguese musicians on board, and mean to retain them as long as they are in harbor.

The most indolent bumboatmen in the world are those at Alexandria, in Egypt. They dare not board a ship until she is at anchor, and has obtained pratique from the health office, when the captain provides everything requisite from the shore. So they float lazily up and down amongst the shipping, ever and anon shouting out "Ebryting," which is supposed to mean their stock in trade, whereas they have really next to nothing to sell. Sometimes a few oranges or other fruit procures them a customer on board; but it is when a vessel is just on the eve of sailing that they make their grand haul. Then they come alongside with large wicker-cages full of beautiful pigeons, which are sure to be purchased as pets, as will also be the parrots, and the young rabbits and hares. Sometimes they bring off a monkey or two, which prove irresistible baits. Nothing Jack likes better than Jacko's company for a long voyage.

The Maltese bumboatmen principally confine their wares to kid gloves, and filigree work in silver and gold, besides a quantity of prettily got up charms. But the most audacious villains are those bumboatmen that cruise off Spain and about the gut of Gibraltar: if you wont purchase the bread and meat they have smuggled off at the risk of their own life and liberty, they do their best to give you a parting stick with a stilletto, or, when foiled in this, and made to drop astern, fire a parting shot at the first object that offers itself to their aim. On the whole, however, the bumboatman is a useful institution for us poor hard-worked and badly-fed sailors, who, after months of peril, exposure, and suffering, find in the contents of his cornucopia a panacea for all human ills.